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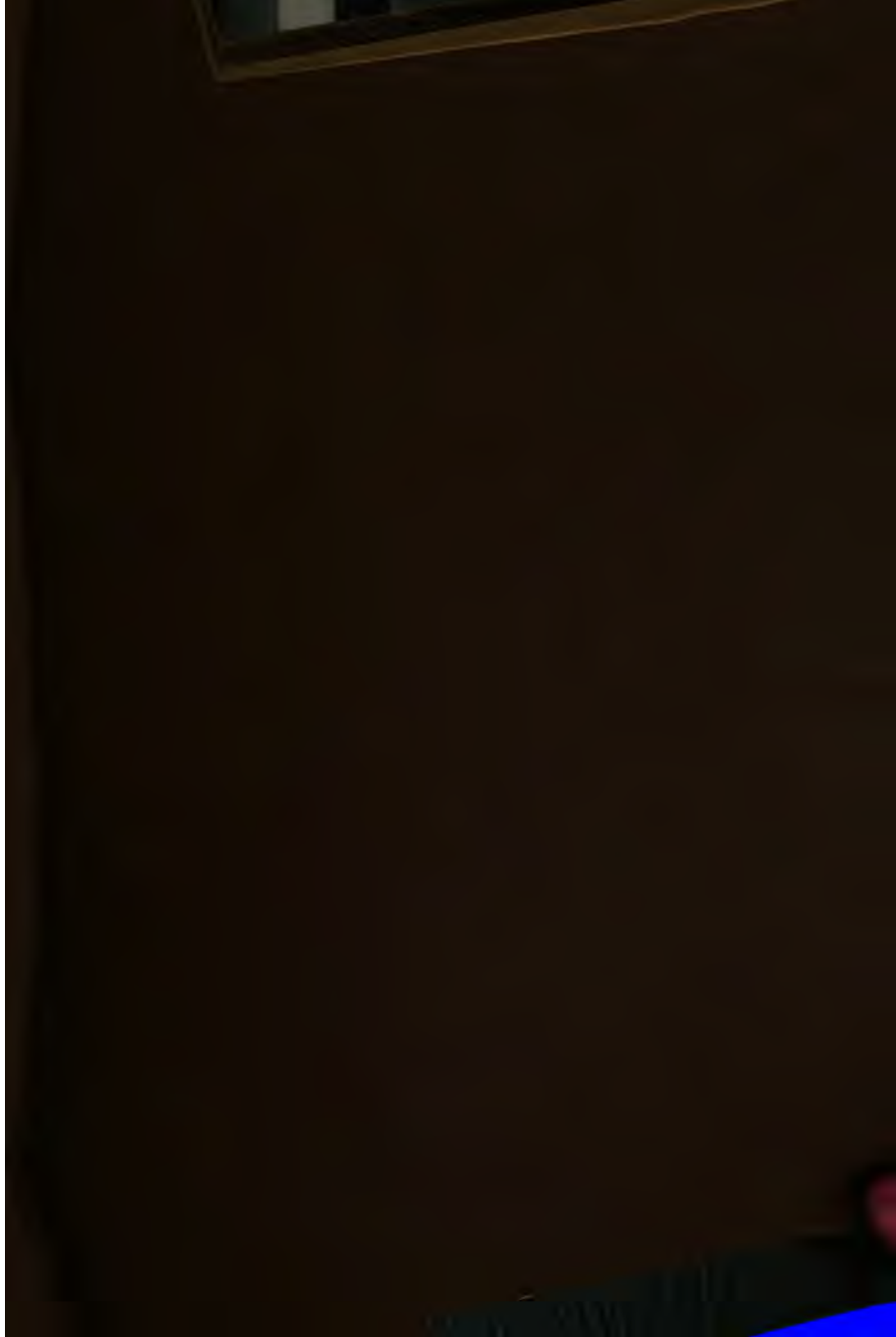
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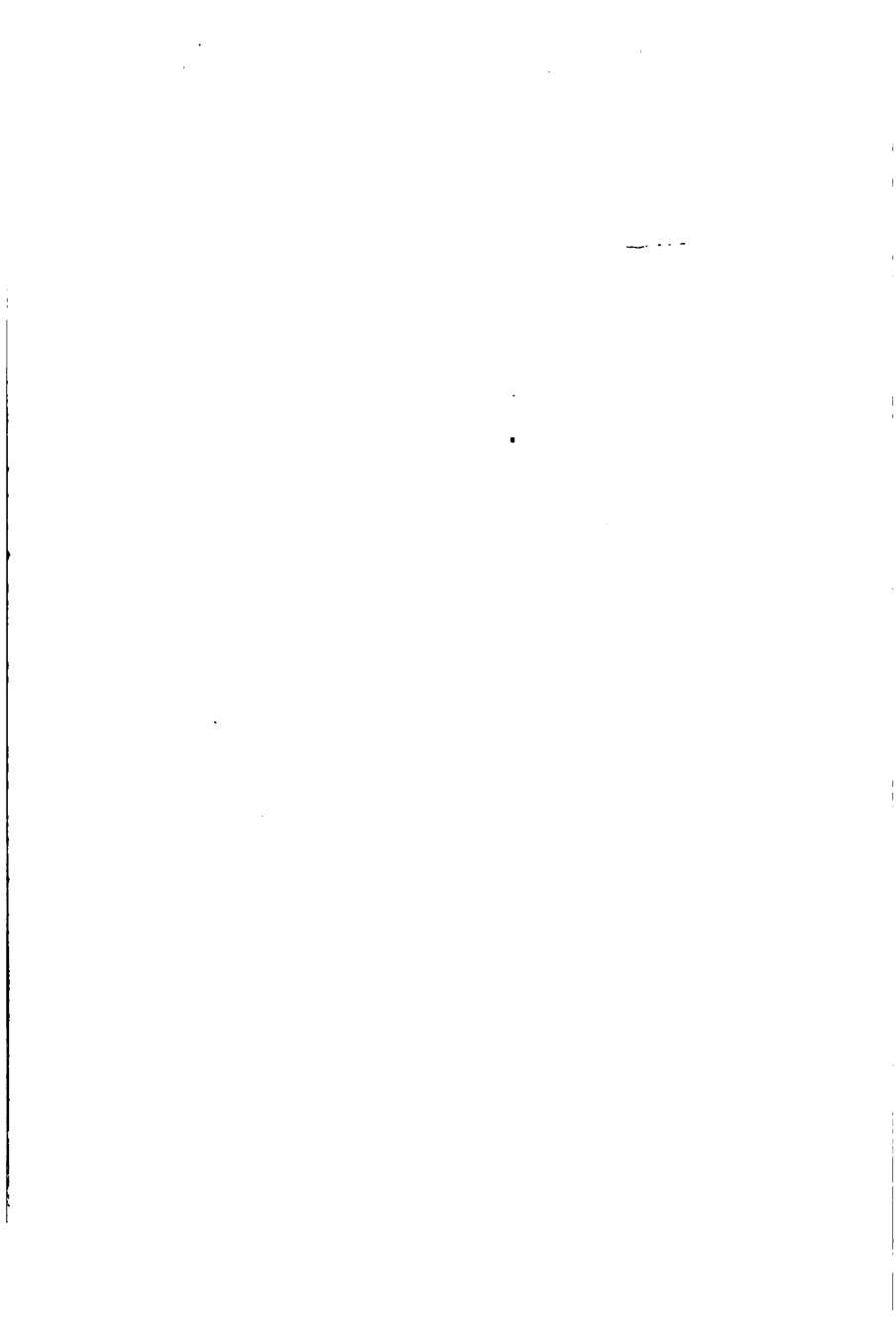




1. Poetry, Canadian

2. Essays, "

NCM
Garvie



THISTLEDOWN.

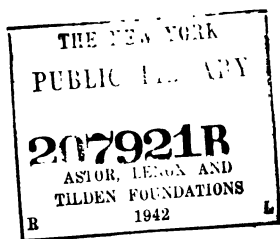
BY
ALEX. RAE GARVIE.



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INTRODUCTORY.

THE sketches and poems in this volume were written by the late Mr. Garvie at different intervals of his life. Some few of them have adorned the pages of magazines and enriched the columns of newspapers; but by far the greater portion, up to this time, have never appeared in print. They were prepared in the leisure moments of the author, and are published now at the earnest solicitations of many friends who desired to see the papers and poems collected and issued in a permanent form. Mr. Garvie's writings have ever been distinguished for vigour of composition, elegance of diction and the freshness and originality of the thoughts which they contain. As sensitive as Hazlitt, he has infused into his pages a nervous vitality as delicious as it is rare. His style is as charming as Keats', and as crisp and tender as

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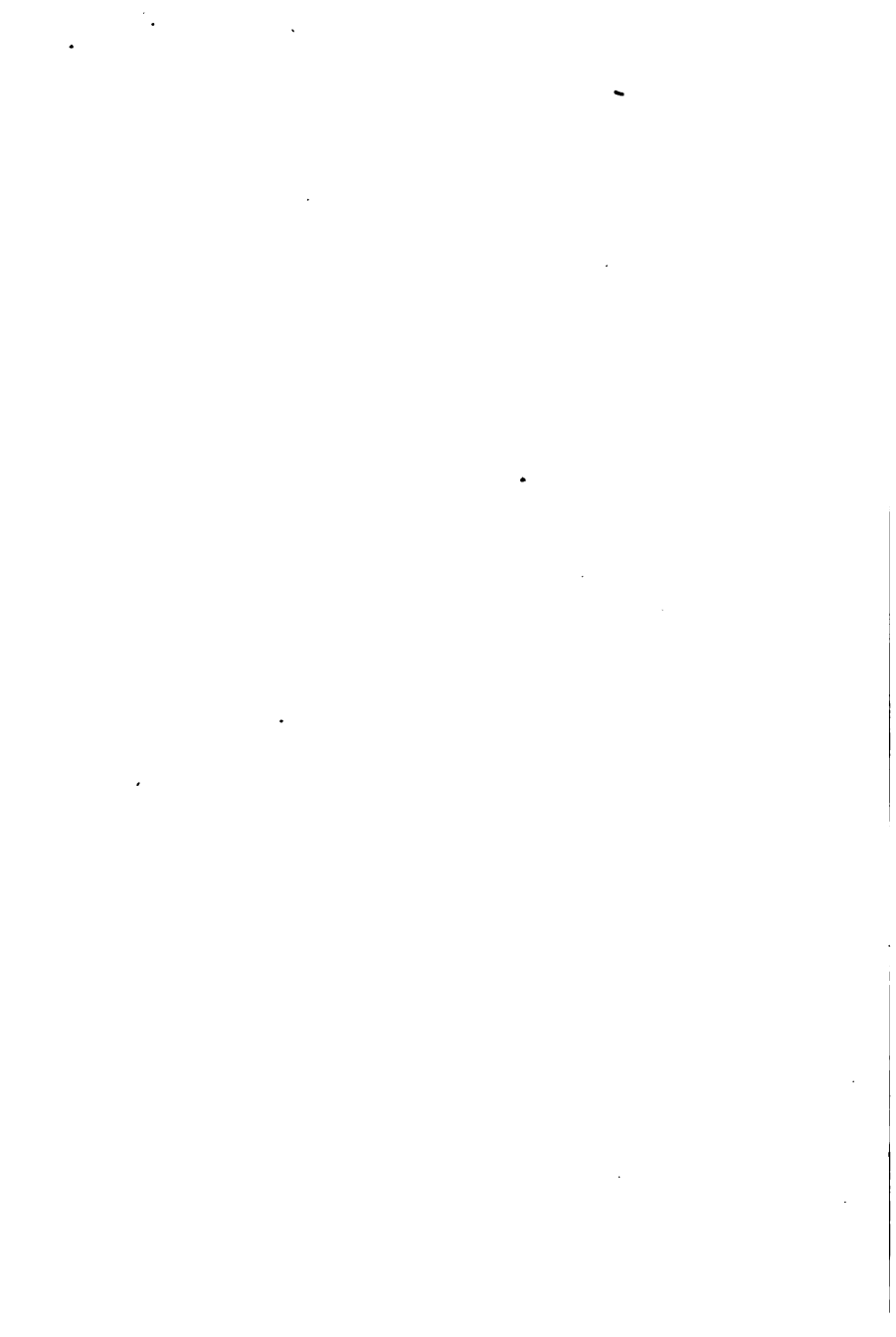
Lamb's. Mr. Garvie's place in literature is unquestionably with the poets of the lake-side School. His temperament was in accordance with that of the author of the "Excursion," and his heart ever beat to the responsive throbbings of princely Tom Hood's. Unobtrusive and modest as a woman, he forever kept far away into the background. He shrank timidly from notoriety, and sought the congenial companionship of the few who loved him and shared his love. With those chosen ones he ever delighted to walk and talk about letters, and art, and science. His diction, always glowing and elegant, flowed on as musically and as easily as the numbers of Tennyson. His conversations were as instructive and delightful as the Table Talks of Coleridge, or the Round Table Essays of William Hazlitt. A rare fund of anecdote and exhaustless humour, a vast knowledge of the men and women of all literatures, allied to his own splendid intellectual attainments and extended erudition, made him the most agreeable among men. So extensive was his information that, at will, he could discourse intelligently upon almost every topic in science or theme in literature and art. He moved among his fellows superlatively great, and while he wrote with an unyield-

ring pen, his heart was as tender and womanly as Goldsmith's or Kirke White's.

Out of the immediate realms of literature his kindly disposition was true and gentle, always helping those in affliction, and, with a generous word, soothing the cares and sorrows of all who sought his counsel and advice. He was happiest when doing good and making those around him happy and contented. His life has been an example to the youth of our young land, and by his death Canadian literature has lost its brightest jewel and most enduring gem. Truly might the epitaph, which the king of English literature, Dr. Johnson, wrote for his dead friend, poor, dear, old Goldy, be applied to the anemory of Alexander Rae Garvie :

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.





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POEMS.

ALLAN GRAY.

THIS is the sea-scape which I spoke about
So often. Answer, did I over-rate
The beauty of the scenes we now behold ?
Yon is the shore of France; that dusky speck,
Like a low cloud by distance made a blot,
Is the high turret of a Norman church.
The castle on our right has yet a scowl
Upon its old, worn haggard face, as if
A warrior lay there on the cliffs and watched
The alien coast with steadfast, cruel eyes.
And, lo ! the chapel, girt by lissome elms,
Seems now, while music of its soft-toned bells
Chimes with the beating of two joyful hearts
Just wedded, some pale saint that praises God
For peace and all the blessings of His love.
And yet a sorely troubled soul I have
Amid this fairness, Friend. The utter woe

Of ocean writhing round this smiling Isle
With my mood sympathizes well to-day.
He surely yearned for fabled Lethe's flow—
Remembering past pain among rose-blooms,
And near the drowsy noise of bubbling streams—
Who sang what I but feebly paraphrase :
“ Ah ! ever from the fountain of delights
Some bitterness wells up, and there is that
Which surely frets us in the flowers themselves.”
A dear companion partly painted this
When he and I spent sweet vacation here.
Now, his last picture, crude and incomplete,
Hangs on my study wall, and oft o'night,
When in a reminiscent mood, I look
With far more love and reverence on it
Than on its neighbour, a great artist's work.
A fitting emblem of his life it is ;
Foreground revealed in part by fine detail,
Wavering outlines indistinctly drawn,
Contour of foliage breaking distance grey,
The sun's white disc above a smooth sea-plane
Nigh comprehended by a haze-hung coast,
Whose brown monotony is half relieved
By huddled rocks and ghastly drifts of foam.
His finished pictures were too few. Oh ! Death,
Thy cold hand chilled his hand before
The grand designs he hopefully had sketched,
Upon futurity were realized.

Yes, Frank, this morning let me speak awhile
About a dire event linked to this place
With chain of iron which Death forged. I gaze
Through thirteen years, some of them bright, some dark,
Some barren of fair things, as desert's scope
Is void of grateful woods and meadows moist;
And can discern the features of that time.
So one beholds, in retrospective view,
The palms near Cairo and the Pyramids,
The oily Nile, and, looming up the blank,
The Sphinx-profile against a fervid sky
Remote and lofty as a vast dream-dome.
Hither we came each sunny afternoon,
For in the morning we inhaled keen air,
And braced our sinews on the inland hills.
He sometimes painted, while I idly strolled
Upon the sands, or, lying at his feet,
Read Keats aloud, the poet who could set
Thoughts pearly-pure in golden sentences.
And well he loved this rare word-master's verse;
He made me pause oft in "St. Agnes Eve"
To mark a picture in one splendid line.
The last hours that we were together here
Shine clear as stars between the rifted clouds.
Memory keeps them all intact, although
They are encircled by grief's wretchedness.
As in a fossil's dark heart fern-fronds lie
Unchanged in form, so, within woe which is

Cold and continuing as stone, remain
Those dead yet dear hours. Like to hoarded coin
Are they. Oh ! count them miser Memory,
Reckon the golden pieces you retain ;
Thou hast not many such in coffers hid.
For that ill-visaged thief, Forgetfulness,
Who seldom robs us of Care's lead, but steals
The silver rather and the ringing gold,
Has thrust his hand into Joy's treasury,
Once full when youth took tribute from all times.
We sat then on this knoll, nor book nor brush
Engaged us, but our restless eyes enjoyed
The far and near delights they traversed o'er.
And aye the ocean's undertone we heard
Like deep-voiced minstrel chaunting Viking's dirge ;
While quick, sharp cries of swooping gulls
Seemed notes from harp-chords only struck at times.
The sunset's radiance burned behind yon firs
—That climbing wood's detached extremity—
Guarding the Western height, grim sentinels
Of weary legions camping far below,
Round dark-green boughs. Oh ! what a glory shone,
A throbbing glory ! tangled in the trees
Were yellow strips of sky, lithe fangs of flame,
Suggesting that high Mystery Moses saw,
Jehovah's fiery Presence half unveiled.
The sun passed from our sight, and fervid sky,
Dimmed by the shadow of approaching dusk,

Which had already fallen on the waves,
Changed to a blood-red tinge, wherein there were
Rounded and lustrous cloudlets melting. He,
As prone to similes as I, cried out:
"Behold the wine! the ruddy wine behold!
And costly pearls dissolving in it, which
The wanton Queen of Egypt drank one night
For philtre to incite her tired desire!"
Soon twilight crossed the isle from East to West,
Tearing her raiment soft in underwoods,
And crept around the coast-curves strewn with rocks.
Pursuing light and shunning night's swart face.
We challenged one another to construct
Analogies concerning eve. He said,
"Gloaming is but the ghost of day that haunts
Silently, places where it ruled the hours
When splendour palpitated in the skies;
A spectre livid-lipped which hath no voice."
I called it symbol of our human thought
Flying from darkness-awful, ignorance
Following truth—the light. And while we spake,
The tide's incoming nearer brought the noise
Of ocean, as if in remorseful plaint
It sorrowed over every mortal drowned.
Then being moved by time and sound and place,
He sang a ballad by some rhymer made
In old days on the older story sad,
Of tender Hero keeping nightly tryst,

And bold Leander stout 'gainst adverse things.
In simple yet pathetic words the song
Related how the ardent youth each night
Swam o'er the Strait to Sestos town in Thrace ;
How there he wooed glad Hero till the dawn,
Warming his wet cold mouth with fervent kiss,
Smoothing her long, soft hair with his damp hand ;
How he, all baffled once by baleful wind,
Blinded with spray and beaten by the surge,
Sank gazing at the glare of Hero's torch,
That flared through storm, but could not lure her love
From couch of sand beneath the raving waves.
Ah! that quaint ballad full of homely words,
Recurring epithets and faulty rhymes,
Had sweetness, even as heather rough
Is welcome with its blossoms and perfume
To wayfarer on lonely Highland hills.
And when he ceased, the woful cadence grew
Into the moaning of the contrite sea
Sorrowing over young Leander drowned.
Through dew-wet dusk we watched a ship go past ;
The singing of her mariners made rhythm
In fine accord with ocean's utterance,
For it was strangely desolate and wild.
The ship's form in the gloom we lost, the song,
Voiced by one only in that metre strange,
Grew thinner, turning to a thread of sound
Knotted with intense choric melody,

Linking us to the unseen bark, until
It broke, being overstrained at last.
The further shore became a long, black slope,
At whose far, narrow limit we beheld
The deep reflection of a beacon's light
Piercing the water with a fiery sword.
Long we sat mute ; the full-orbed moon arose,
With the slow motion and appearance pale
Which Grecian girls regarded reverently—
Deeming her fair divinity forlorn,
Because bereft of dead Endymion.
Then, as the white light glorified the sea,
And caused these boulders grey to shine, as if
They were the fragments of a shattered star,
He bade me watch late fishers' boats return
To coves and sheltered chines along the bay.
Their brown and white sails toucht with moonlight,
caught

His vision, sensible of fine effects
In things which are to many commonplace.
But I, no artist, said, " How like to moths
Which flutter to and fro by night, these boats ! "
Then he, " You will detect resemblances
Between extremes at last, but come ! comrade,
The dew-beads glitter on your hair, and hark !
The shrill-tongued village clock is striking nine,
To scold us home from moonshine and romance."
And as we went, this rhyme of mine I hummed

To a wild air I learned across the seas
When playing prodigal as sailor-boy.

SONG.

I.

I cannot sleep, for Grief, to-night,
 Within my heart a vigil keeps ;
Wedged in a coral coffin white,
 Round which the twining sea-weed creeps.
Despair has painted my Boy drowned,
 With wet hair hiding sweet blue eyes,
And fast-locked hands, in Tropics browned,
 Entombed there till the dead do rise.
Throb, throb sad heart, thy pain is keen,
 Hope which long cheered thee, now is dumb ;
Twice Spring hath gladdened Earth with green
 Since on our land his feet have been,
And still my darling does not come.
Oh ! sea to me thou art a foe,
 God help me in bleak, darkened years,
Beneath thy waves my Boy lies low,
 I'll weep till Death shall dry my tears.

II.

I cannot sleep, for Joy, to-night,
 A revel holds within my soul,
Where dolour was, is now delight,
 And love is robed in purple stole.
The lips of him whom I thought dead
 I kissed, and stroked his yellow hair,
Upon my breast he leaned his head,
 And told me of far countries fair,

Throb, throb glad heart, for pain is past,
And all forgotten it shall be ;
Nor shall I hear again, aghast,
Through long nights drear with rainy blast,
The fearful shrieking of the sea.
Oh ! sea to me a friend thou art,
Thy billows bore my dear lad home ;
Nor will I now, with aching heart,
Beside the foam in sorrow roam.

By this the main had ended its complaint,
And only faintly sobbed along the coast
Where stern cliffs rudely chafed the forward tide.
We left the shore and to our inn returned,
Thoughtful from soul-communion with the sea,
And sympathetic with its tristful mood.
As garrulous as the bird upon her sign,
Our hostess of the " Magpie " rehearsed tales
Of vessels stranded on the treacherous rocks,
And pallid, broken bodies on the beach.
Nor did the gossip lack dramatic tact
To add unto the horrors she retailed—
Wild cries of those who clung to splintered masts,
Caught in the barriers of jagged reefs.
But we soon tired of such ill chronicles,
And of her strident voice, like creaking tone
Of wind-swayed spars which hamper wrecking ships ;
So, to escape from morbid narratives,
The smoky candle-light, the boisterous mirth
Of sailors telling freaks in foreign ports,

And rustics wrangling hotly over ale,
We walked out to the glamour of the moon,
The shadows and the murmurs of the night.
Arm-linked we sauntered down a sloping lane,
Hedged on each side. We often paused at gates
To gaze on ranks of wheat-sheaves in the fields,
And red-tiled roofs with gables picturesque,
Tall, sentry poplars, or Titanic oaks
Brooding above their shadows, like grieved men
Immersed in contemplation of their care.
Ah ! me, what hopeful, cheerful words he spoke,
What pleasant expectations entertained
About his artist life in Rome next year,
And rich fruition of his long desires.
Nor selfishly of his intents he talked,
But in bright horoscopes included me,
Projecting future dazzling for us both.
“ We two ” he cried, “ must reach the heights at last,
Shall stand upon enchanted peaks, and see
Far, splendid prospect of a Promised Land,
And hear the uplifted voice of unbribed Fame,
Echoed with acclamation by our peers,
Proclaiming triumphs as she crowns our head.”
So the boy sphered his bubbles thin, and I
Gave ear, albeit from experience
Merit is rarely sought till accident
Discovers gold in dull, grey veins of quartz,
Which seam the surface of out-cropping rocks,

So the boy sphered his bubble thin, and I—
Though every idle air-globe which he blew
Broke in the hand of Reason, and became
Mere moisture, such as wets the palms
Of weepers hiding eyes forlorn from light—
I listened, witched by his rich Doric voice,
And almost fancied that my ears were soothed
With deep, long pæans from the lips of Fame.
Beyond the limits of the lake we strayed,
Followed a path across the heath, then came
Unto a lake below yon shaggy ridge, a lake
Nigh oval, small, meet mirror for the moon
And Pleiads shivering ever at the sight
Of their wan semblance in the surface calm ;
Hither and thither fluttered bats, whose flight
Our eyes could never follow ; by the marge
Bulrushes rose erect among the reeds,
Making me think of swart Egyptians
Meting out tasks to humble Hebrew slaves ;
And at our slow approach a bird, disturbed,
Flew from the sedge with drowy, dismal cry.
Beside the lake we stood, and still he cast
Hope's aspects far, as ample as the cope
Of pulsing stars and planets overhead ;
As fair as Tempe in the Golden age ;
Fair with the greenery of mead and grove,
And shining clusters of the purple grape ;
All musical with babble of love-tales,

Ecstatic mirth of singing Bacchanals,
Soft noise of wood-doves, flutings sweet
From stripling shepherds underneath the boughs,
Beguiling maidens coy from irksome task.
A wind woke from its nest within the copse,
And with slow paces passed across the lake
Which shuddered at the vagrant ruffler's tread ;
Then dreamful lilies quivered in response,
And all the reeds waxed querulous, as if
These serfs beside the languid lapse of Nile,
Sighed when the free breeze burdened with perfume
From their forefather's chosen land, flew by
And left them still in misery and bonds.
In silence o'er the bushy heath we walked,
Till sheep-paths, stiles and by-ways brought us home.
The "Magpie" now was quiet, and we found
The old dame nodding to the clock's short tick
Which seemed to chide us for night-wandering.
That night we turned to sleep, with souls brimful
Of quiet thoughts and pleasing phantasies.
Next morning letters reached us, one recalled
Myself to London for a little while
And Allan's laughter, as I left the pier
(Some comic incident provoked his mirth).

After a brief sojourn, yet long to me
In stifling, dusty streets, I hastened back
To join dear Allan, but I found him not
Within the house, designing charming scenes

To illustrate my verse, as he was wont
When rain relentlessly kept us in-doors.
Whither he went the hostess could not tell,
He left before she was awake that morn.
"Perhaps he sailed with skipper Will, they planned
Last night to go across the bay sometime,
Where are the ruins of an ancient keep,
And Will has sailed that way to-day I see,
For yonder is the 'Kelpie' coming back;
I know the brown sails of his boat full well."
Then wishing to surprise him, off I ran
Through drizzle, bitter eastern gusts, and came
To yon bold cape that furthest wades out
Defying wind or wave to stir his strength,
And watched the swiftly-bounding boat return.
But when it neared the land, fearful I saw
Old Will alone, who hailed me as he passed
The point, with hoarse halloo, and waving hand.
Straightway my anxious eyes turned from the sea
Fast growing churlish, for increasing blasts
Troubled its face, making it harsh and dark;
And I perceived with dread that from the brink,
A rock on which we often sat was gone!
So, tortured with forebodings vague, I crept
Most cautiously unto the crumbling edge,
While dread presentiment depressed my soul
With evil utterance about my Friend.
Peering down I discerned what seemed a heap

Of huddled sea-weed nigh the cliff's sheer base.
But evening shadows foiled my eager glance ;
" Only the crag which sapping rains detached,
Begirt by tangle-coils," I said aloud,
To still the clamant thought that shrieked " He sat
Upon the rock to-day to watch for you,
And fell with it ; Behold ! a hand *did* clutch
The furze whose top is wrenched away, whose roots
Like nerves laid bare are loosened by the strain."
Upstarting, though I nearly swooned, I strode
Over rough places hastily, and reached
The beach by winding, rocky way, and drew
Towards the fallen mass with panting heart,
And reeled in horror at the awful sight.
Ay ! *it* was there, his broken, hideous corpse !
The comely face was bloody, blanched and stark,
The unclosed eyes once earnest, keenly-blue,
Were fixed and filmed like sword-blade dimmed by
breath,

And oh ! the mouth, how woful was the mouth !
Worthy the kisses of a Queen—now was
Stiffened in agony of sudden death,
And flecked with streaks of shuddering froth
That felt the fierce burst of the rising wind
And mocked me, for it looked as if *his* breath
Strove hard to spurn the froth from leaden lips.
Thus in the rain and gloom I found the youth
I loved as David loved his Jonathan.

What darkness crushed me all that wild, wet night !
They found me sitting by his side at dawn,
And all the shoreward billows roaring up
The shore's incline to fold him in their foam
And bear him to the ocean's vaults profound.
Ah ! he was gentle who had this ungentle end.
Enamoured of his art, well-skilled was he
To capture subtle beauty half-concealed,
Coy fairness in the buds and blooms of flowers,
Crushed under heedless feet on moor or mount,
And loveliness that lurked in forest glades
Unseen by careless eyes. He painted well
Minute effects—stone ringed by graceful ferns—
Rain-laden leaves, rushes and grass by burns,
A spring shed over angles of brown rock,
Mantled with thick absorbent pale-green moss,
Lichens embossing massive fallen trunks,
Beles gnarled with numerous knots, gateways
That shewed how Time's firm footsteps, passing thro',
Had pressed the earth, till tottering stones
Seemed trembling to the trampling of the feet
Of him who hurls down all that man uprears.
These he delighted aye to sketch for me,
Because I also found the Beautiful
In lesser things of nature. Allan Gray !
Dear, noble, generous Soul ! exalted
By one great spasm of pain to perfect calm,
Bear witness, where you dwell, to my long love,

That makes your memory more sweet to me,
As tranquil years, and other loving bonds,
Atone for these constricting coils of grief
Which wound about my heart in saddened youth.
He, who controls our lives, letting one die
In peace with household faces next his face,
And soothing ministry of kindly hands,
With comfort to the soul of holy prayers ;
Smiting another suddenly in days
(When all the promise of his life discerns
An open avenue stretch far away—)
With no one helping him to name God's name,
At dying instant thronged with agonies—
He only knows wherefore my gentle Friend
Was dashed into Death's rude embrace unwarned.
Unwarned indeed, but by the love of God,
Who even at night from stars suspends His love ;
Not unprepared to enter rest I know.
Hark ! that's the tide's incoming. How it mourns !
The very waves to me are sobbing "Gone !"
Gone with the dead, the Past. Oh heart of mine !
With one room crimson-curtained, closed and still,
Never resounding to soft laughter now,
But echoing only my footsteps
In nights of contemplation and regret ;
Oh heart ! again hear that refrain of woe
The main rehearses for it—well translates
All old perplexing memories of him.

Let us return. To-morrow you shall see
His grave. I made them bury Allan's corpse
Upon the headland high from which he fell.
I left the purple furze-bloom in his grasp—
The furze he clenched, so he whom colour soothed,
Kept that sweet bit of blossom at the last.
Lifted above the graves in yon churchyard
He has his tomb. And there by day and night,
In all the seasons' change, at ebb and flow,
In storm and calm, the ocean grieves,
Grieves as it did that twilight full of peace,
Grieves as it did that wet dawn full of woe ;
Wildly or weakly aye the ocean grieves,
Likely ceaseless lamentation for a soul
Who loved its changeful voice and varying face.

*Oh ! wide the deep caves are that hide
The dark heart of the sea,
But wider far is Death's abyss
Between my heart and thee.*

IN A DYING SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

Now place your finger on my wrist and feel
How I am dying ; how my heart's blood flows
In weak pulsations. And indeed, dear Tom,
Is not the pulse a metre just, whereby
Man's brief existence on the earth is marked ?
'Tis an exponent true of our life's moods,
And indicates the flexures of one's course
While sailing to unseen, eternal shores.
Joy smites his silver cymbals, taking time
From throbbings thronging in distended veins.
And that keen clang helps forward restless feet
When chasing curves in fervid, fluent dance.
Beside the myrtles Love's fond servant sits
Some comely maiden listening with delight
To cadence (smooth as honey dripping down
From brimful cells i' the beech tree's heart,)
Which oozes from her lover's soul-filled flute ;
And lest it steal her thought from him who plays
To Reverie's calm pools and silent woods,
She lays a hand upon her breast, and thus
By heart-beats doth divide the music fine

Into small parts that satisfy her soul—
As rain-fall in the summer noon makes moist
The ruddy rose nigh shrivelled up with heat.
And Grief!—she strikes her bosom all the night
• While sluggard mind like Anchorite repeats
Sonorous psalms too sad regarding Death.
Ah! *Death*, the word recalls my errant thought.
But you are pale with watching by my bed,
And, comrade, why wear such a wistful look?
It troubles me. You know in olden days,
When pilgrims travelled to the Holy land
Past cornfields rustling in the buoyant breeze,
Through cities filled with bustle and the voice
Of bells which rang out mirth or woe to men,
Down verdant slopes and over chiming brooks
Into the desolate, long wilderness—
As on the pilgrims went all painfully,
Sometimes one stumbled on the way and died,
With sacred Rood clutched in his wasted hands.
Yes! one was taken and the other left.
Yet mark! the friend of him who thus did reach
The glorious City where Christ dwells in power,
Fared onward till he haply found the town,
The ruined mass of that magnificence
Set on the crests of famous Syrian hills,
Where our Redeemer died in agony.
So Friend, though in the desert I expire—
(This is a desert, even life at best,

The oases are rare and wide apart,
And half our happiness a mere mirage)
Ay though I die do thou inter the corpse,
And march on, never hindered by me now
For I have lagged and doubted in the dark
Delaying you. But pardon all the Past,
And take the blessing of a dying man,
As partial recompense for friendship leal,
Which with unwearied diligence strove hard
To banish fancies sorrowful from me,
And lift me to a higher plane of life
Where Resignation walks, with tranquil eyes
Gazing beyond our graves and empty homes.
Rise, Tom ! forth to the fields an hour this eve !
Bring me some daisies from yon pleasant dell
Where we read " Tempest " ten long weeks ago,
When I had hope to imprison Ariel
Not in the pine, but in white marble's strength.
Alas ! my weakness manifest too soon.
Go ! for I think that Death delays, perchance
He knocks at many doors ere mine is reached.

Well you have come ? and Death delayeth still.
How fragrant to my memory these flowers !
Your walk was surely short, or mayhap sleep,

That for a little took your place near me,
Has made the time seem brief, and when I woke,
Perhaps my mind—beside the very verge
Of an eternal Day, upon the edge
Of utter, endless, undivided space—
Marked not the rapid stream of sand which Time,
Standing on bleaker shores than those that shape
The foaming limits of the Northern Sea,
Pours from his palms, each handful being life.
Just wet my lips, raise up my weary head,
And hearken, since my voice will soon be mute ;
If I do seem to waste these latest words,
By reminiscence of my loss and want
Of high ability to win me fame,
Content you : I can trust this soul of mine
To Him who brought the odour of these blooms,
And their sweet colours from the damp, dark soil.
Tom ! shortly ere you came, a tiny bird,
Emboldened by the silence here I think,
Hopped briskly o'er the window-ledge and perched
On " Jove's " knee yonder, near his eagle grim,
And carelessly smoothed ruffled plumage there.
I watched the small intruder, and knew then
How dead my statue was—mere stone, mere stone.
Apelles in the splendid sister art
Depicted grapes of Arcady so well
That birds were cheated by them : my Jove's fowl
Which basks full-breasted in that sunbeam, failed

To frighten yon pert sparrow that perhaps
Was kept from gardens by a scare-crow rude.
How brave he looks though ! that curved beak
Should hush a chirp at least. 'Tis only stone.
I underrate my works ? Yes, they were *works*,
For toil was needful to allay the pangs
I felt whenever inward power did war
With manual impotence to execute
The idea which possessed my haunted heart.
Are yearnings to express by speech or stone,
In all the fulness of immortal art,
Unparalleled in your experience ?
Genius in its creations of great thoughts
Translated into music, marble, words,
Would be as God, alas ! the curse is ours :
Nor Angelo nor Raphael could state
Their finer sense of beauty to the world ;
Nor Milton's flights sublime, nor Handel's tones
Match with their own profound imaginings :
Hence Earth's inspired ones have life incomplete.
In this fast growing gloom, the dead, old years
Give up their dead to gather round my couch.
I saw *her* face one moment and it left
Dear expectation of delight, when Death
Solves these old mysteries of loss and love.

Do you remember when we two in jest
(Walking from school one soft autumnal day)
Spoke of the honour which ourselves would win ?
Oh ! but our castles in the clouds were fair !
And clamorous clarions filled their halls with sound,
And blazoned standards draped their turrets tall,
While we in raiment borrowed from Romance
(That armoury and treasury of youth—
That magic hoard of samite gold and gems
Opened full easily by *Sesamè*)—
We, at length rewarded, heard the hoarse crowd
Break into boisterous cheers. Mind you not
The culmination of my fame ? “ And, then,” quoth I,
(When Jessie, our sweet schoolmate, laughed at me)
“ I’ll make you widely known, because my art
Shall copy faithfully your winsome face,
And name it Psyche for your sake.” You said,
“ Take care, O future Phidias, take care,
Pygmalion had a cunning hand to cut
Divine ideals out of marble too, and he
Got grief at last. But listen, I will climb
The stairways worn by every poet’s feet,
And laud you, Jessie, in my choicest verse.”
She, blushing like the dawn, left us and ran
Adown the lane—left us dreaming our dreams.
How strange the schoolboy’s talk seems now to me ;
Count it not idle to remember this—
Would God that I could bring to Him this night

The boy's heart, hopes and dreams of yore,
The faith and wonderment of earnest youth !
You, Tom, have got a part o' the fancied fame,
But I ?—I die unknown for all the toil.
No man hereafter to himself will say,
" This was a Master, and his works most meet
As models to uplift our art again."
Instead of what I craved I bore always
A heart as cheerless as a vacant house,
Where white, light ashes lie on chilly hearth,
And ghosts pace silently through darkened rooms.
Have I but stumbled half-way from the goal ?
Yet run thou on, well-loved and gifted friend,
Your songs shall utter gladness in the land,
And find a welcome in some troubled soul ;
Brighten the sombre hue of some poor life,
Or for fond lovers act interpreter.
I only shall become, if named at all,
The measurement of failure. Go, morbid thought !
Disturb not thus the sanctities of life
Pausing a moment at the door of death !
And Jessie died ten years ago, unwed ;
Shatter this dusk, transfigured face, again
Gleam on my dying human vision, Sweet,
And banish all my evil, lonely years,
Which half perplex me with their presence now.
There is a bust of Psyche somewhere in the room,
The glimpse of it gained in an instant's glance

Has hurt my heart, alas ! it is so dead.
From cradle unto coffin life is short
And art so long, that olden phrase is true.
Had I but chiselled out of Parian block
The figure of a girl, whose perfect face,
Might seem as if Medusa's cruel eyes
Had stared their victim into frigid stone,
While she was musing on her wooer's words,
Then that alone were worth my life on earth.
Ah, me ! My hand could not construct what thought
The secret artist wrought, my chief concepts
Shall never peer from laboured marble masks.
But speech is failing, firmly hold my hand,
You are the last link to the world I have.
Break I beseech you, break the worthless things
Which I have made : they mocked my misery
Full often by their blank, dull attitudes.
Spare none. It may be in another sphere,
That my soul's purposes shall not be checked
By intervening matter ; yea that I
Shall *see* the very form of melody,
And find at last the Unity of art,
And my desires shall then be all fulfilled.
While art, here, dreams, shall be eternal truth ;
Beyond the bonds of clay and bounds of time.
Well, keep the Psyche for her sake whose face
It counterfeits. That face I soon shall see.
Mayhap 'twas well that life was not made dear

By love and fame, for sorrow led my feet
From highways to sequestered glades, and gave
Twilight and quiet in these cloisters old.
Oh ! love of God made manifest in Him
Whose temples throbbed to human pain, whose life
Itself incarnates in our life again,
By words and works and walk of gentle souls—
Vast love, hold me and fold me in thine arms,
Forgive my querulous appeals in days
When grief alone did keep me company.
He ceased, and calm fell on his features white,
While with clasped hands he mutely prayed.
I rose and to the open casement went ;
The sun had set, yet some stray rays remained,
Which, fading slowly, sought out nooks wherein
To lurk until the night had fled away.
Then gloaming and moon-rise came hand in hand.
The strange, long shadow of the Dial-tree
(A slender elm beside his garden gate
Which measured every sunny day from dawn
Till dusk) crept over gravelled walk,
Borders of lush, dank grass, and softly passed
The thick rose-bush, as if it feared to scare
Belated bees that clung to lavender ;
Or, drowsy, sucked the rose's sweetness still,
Heedless of coming gloom and drenching dew.
I looked at them, and thought how like they were
To those who linger at a banquet board

When other guests are gone, and flaring lights
Wax feeble, fitful, draining dregs of wine
From flagons dimmed by clasp of heated hands
And touch of lip. The shadow quickly cleft
A glint of moonshine tangled in the thyme
Which grew below the window, whereupon
One merry midge that bathed his fragile form
In the faint gleam of that glint, took to flight.
The shadow reared itself snake-like and slipt,
Now slowly, through the window, and approached
The sick man's bed, until it touched his face.
When, lo! it paused, and suddenly I saw
One spasm of pain contract his bloodless lips,
But for a moment : light that comes from joy
At sight of more than earthly beauty, beamed
In his eyes. I know not what he saw or heard,
But his last words were, " Death is drowned in Love."
And silence stood between the dead and me ;
And when my tears flowed, night sat on the hills,
Waiting for morning with its life and light.

PHANTASY.

FANCY many forms assumes !
'Tis a bee among the blooms,
In the noon of June that sips
Honey from the heart and lips
Of Anacreon's glorious rose.
Now how warily it goes
Past grim dragons to the trees
Growing in Hesperides.
And, anon with Jason hears
Syrens' luring song, and steers
Straightway from the fatal shore,
While each rower strains his oar.
'Tis a bat at twilight still
Flitting round a lonesome mill,
'Tis a falcon fleet that flies
Into depths of opal skies,
Oft, it is a sullen owl—
Pallas' learnèd pensive fowl,
Hooting hoarsely 'mong the trees ;
And again, o'er troubled seas

As a petrel bold it wings,
Tirelessly. Sometimes it sings
Lark-like in the heavens' scope
When dew gleams on grassy slope.
Roaming meadows, daisy-decked;
'Tis a child afoot, unchecked,
Gladness in her azure eyes,
As she sees with mute surprise
Brooding birds in hedges' heart,
Building nests with simple art.
And at dawning, near a mere,
Girdled by the bulrush spear,
Fancy as a heron stalks
Heedful of the hated hawks.
Fancy is a butterfly
Born to live brief life and die.
'Tis a pink-lipped shell afloat,
Fit for tiny fairy's boat;
Fair in fiction, false in fact,
Shunned by men who are exact,
Loved by poet whom it guides
When on Pegasus he rides;
Lover's joy when maid is true,
Lover's woe when stricken through
With sharp dart his trust is slain!
Bright and dark and bright again,
Phantom! none thy face may paint,
Since now sinner, and then saint—

Thou dost peer from cowl or crown,
Now with smile, anon with frown.
Sweet Sprite ! thou alone canst trace
Airy pictures of thy face ;
Thou, who limnest Rosamond,
Guinevere, and Juliet fond.
Fancy ! Fancy come and charm,
Let me touch Queen Juno's arm,
Grasped by clutch of graven gold
Jove's fetters, her to have and hold.
This swift Ariel serves us well,
Lets us in the glamour's spell,
Drink beside Bacchante fair,
Toy with Pyrrha's braided hair,
Hear Apollo's matchless lute
And the twy-formed Faun's soft flute ;
Shows us Aphrodité rise
From foamy seas to sunny skies,
Leads us down the track of Time,
Bears us into every clime,
Often paces kirk-yard green
Mourning in her garb and mien,
Mingles with the dancing crowd,
Broiders banners, weaves a shroud,
Keeps a fast or festival—
Lean Lent here, there—Carnival,
Starves or surfeits, Fancy free,
Sojourning in Italy.

As an Arab, lo ! how calm
Under frondage of the palm,
Like a Norseman, winter-bound,
(Lest he be in dulness drowned);
Over ice on skate-blades whirrs
Past the shaggy, sombre firs.
Ha, my Fancy ! art thou mad,
Or with Folly's mantle clad ?
That I fancy one may read
And remember—Take good heed
To thy course, for goblin's glee
Never shall be guide to me.
Hearken ! By the wondrous hours
I have spent within thy bowers—
By my bondage as thy slave,
By thyself, or gay or grave,
Spirit, hearken ! stray no more,
Thou wouldst fain take Charon's oar
And me ferry to the Shades
Leading to Elysian glades,
Or the gloomy gulfs of woe ;
Leave me now and quickly go.
Yes depart, I pray thee, sweet,
Aid another, make him meet
Her who sways his happy soul—
Her who fills the golden bowl
Of his life with love's new wine,
Called by rare Ben "drink divine ;"

Let him hold her shapely hand,
Hear her utter phrases bland,
See his features (ah ! unwise,)
In the mirrors of her eyes.
Me thou can'st not mock again—
Love disturbs the scholar's brain.
Fancy, hence—thou art a fool,
Subject not to Reason's rule.
Here am I in Calais town
Gazing over bare sands brown—
Fancying that this pansy sere,
Which she gave to me last year,
In its petals promise hath
That once more in shady path
Where she culled it we shall meet.
Fancy, fly with thy deceit !
I am sad by Calais sands,
And my heart half-understands—
How they fall from awful height.
Who risk all to win love's plight,
Fancy ! changeful as my mood,
Lo ! I loathe thy Jester's hood.
Thou like Will-o'-wisp hast led
Me through marshes, then hast fled.
Go ! I hear the midnight bells,
What ? even in *their* tones it dwells—
Chiming rhymes—the subtle Fay !
Goblin, vanish ! Sprite, away !

Stay to hear this whisper, Dear—
Come to-morrow, more austere.
Help me in my tedious toil,
While I burn the student's oil
Night after night, in coming years,
Increase my hopes, dispel my fears ;
In works' pause I'll go full fain
Past the bounds of Real's reign,
To fair places, dainty dells,
Where buds blossom into bells ;
You shall revel while I dream,
Hushed shall flow Thought's winding stream
In some far-off magic isle.
Farewell, Fancy, for a while !

ANVIL ECHOES.

"Cling, clang
The hammer rang."

THE heavy hammer that caused such clamour,
Which beat the bells of old Saint Anne's
In the forge to me not free from glamour—
Though the horse-shoe evil witches bans !
There was great clamour,
On the stubborn anvil's horn at times,
As the smith with pith did lustily labour ;
And with these rhymes,
I tried to echo as well as I could,
The thud of the sledge on heated metal—
Heated to hue of a red rose-petal,
And the clear clang
Which alternately rang
On the anvil whereon they shaped the shank
Of an axle, making it square and lank,
At length,
By every blow of skill and strength.
Rhymes rough and tough enough I know ;
But since soft words suit flute and tabour—
Words expressing a wooer's mood,
When a lover is earnestly loving his neighbour,

These may blend with the end of each blow,
That fills the forge with resonant noise.
So ho ! smiths sing as the Cyclops sang
When on Etna's iron their hammers rang—
 Cling, clang,
Fashioning bolts for Jove to poise,
Making mail for Mars to wear,
While Vulcan urged his stout, swart boys
 Vehemently,
And swift sparks sprang into upper air.

BEREFT.

BLEAK is yon foam-speckled bay,
 Frozen this near river's flow.
And each slender alder spray
 Bows beneath the flakes of snow.

He who walked along this way
 With me twenty weeks ago,
Lieth cold and mute to-day,
 Far below the drifted snow.

Then the red signs of decay
Made the maple branches glow,
Now King Winter grim and grey
Wears his ermine robe of snow.

He is dead, yet I can say
Pain my dear one doth not know ;
Though his corpse be clasped by clay,
His soul is beyond the snow.

Shall I weep ? nay, only pray—
Lift me Lord at last from woe,
Clothe me with the white array
Purer than the stainless snow.

DEAD HANDS.

STIFF, hard scarred hands, made so by toil,
And rough from contact with the soil—
'Twas hemp not silk, *this* mortal coil.

And now the hands are chill and still,
Hereafter they shall never till,
Nor seed upon the furrows spill.

Pale blades of wheat may pierce the clay,
And gladden men as day by day
They watch the growth and thankful say—

God visiteth the earth indeed,
And blesseth springing of the seed,
As in the Psalter sweet we read.

But he shall never gaze again
On billowy fields of ripened grain,
Nor dread untimely frost or rain.

Yes ! this life's labour now is done—
The patient weaving one by one
Of warp and woof full coarsely spun.

Yet these brown hands once plighted troth
With shapely hands as white as froth,
Whereat her haughty kin were wroth,

And on her lover looking down
From worldly height, they called him clown,
Meeting his frank words with a frown.

But true love levels all the walls
Men rear between the huts and halls,
Nor pride his steadfast will appals.

So she, despising kinsfolk's pride,
For love became a farmer's bride,
And was his help-meet till she died.

When they had shrouded her in white,
His hands were locked so very tight
That rustics marvelled at the sight.

He wrote no poem, though his mind
Towards the Beautiful inclined—
He saw the fairness God designed.

These hands of his helped feeble folk,
And bread unto the hungry broke ;
This child's hair he would gently stroke.

And since we knew him to be good—
True-hearted, though his speech was rude,
We held him knight in Toil's knighthood.

Because on Christ this man did lean,
Because his faith was so serene,
Because his hands though coarse were clean—

I doubt not that beyond the skies
He has and holds eternal prize
Yea, even the palms of Paradise,

“MATTER FOR MAY MORNING.”

BEAUTY in the woodland bides,
Waiting for her wedding day ;
As she hides, she ever chides
Her handmaiden, May's delay,
Who aye dresses
Beauty's tresses
With white petals fit for those
Who are brides, before the Rose—
The Rose, June's joy blows.

Now she dallies in the isles
Girt by coral, fringed by surf ;
Can her wiles, her tears or smiles,
Charm Time, so that to this turf,
(Ere I marry)
He will carry
The maid who must adorn me ?
How my heart desires the glee—
Great glee that shall be !

April sad would not release
Buds impatient from their bonds,
She said. Peace, the cold must cease,

Swallows skim across the ponds
Ere Earth waken,
So that taken
By surprise, she shall perceive
What choice raiment I did weave,
Weave, weave, morn and eve.

But this timid April flies
From my haunts to-morrow night;
Then no sighs, no moistened eyes,
Nor cheeks blanched by sudden fright
Shall hereafter
Check free laughter.
Hie thee hither, Bonnie May!
Time! let not her footsteps stray—
Far stray from this way.

Thus the mistress, while the maid
Hearing, hastens to her queen:
Soon in glade, shall May arrayed
With the garb of gold and green,
End her roaming
Where the gloaming
Curtains Beauty fast asleep;
While from clouds the Pleiads peep—
Aye peep and watch keep.

A BOHEMIAN.

It is cold, but, all thanks to the "Chief" of the *Times*,
This coal-bin is full and that cup-board not bare;
Mistress Hubbard, the dame made immortal in rhymes,
Could feast her sage cur on the bones I can spare.

I will hold out a week, so besiege as you may—
Dire poverty, here is my castle replete
With provender bought by sub-editor's pay,
Should this count me a virtue! I earn what I eat.

And to-night when my garret-roof answers the rain,
In dull, patient, rhythmic replies I am gay
As Bohemian, owner of Chateau in Spain,
With Fancy as valet my will to obey.

Sir John, whom my article tickled to glee,
Is nursing a gouty leg after his feast,
While my right foot is beating the steps of Louie,
Whose dancing, if carnal, is dainty at least.

"*Pour un pauvre artiste*" was the pale waiter's phrase
As he ordered my modest repast at "De Pine's,"
And he gave me my fare on the smallest of trays,
Nor troubled my hand with the *carte* of the wines.

What cared I? That day through the longstreets I strolled,
And each window was full of what many hearts crave,
Plate, pictures, gems, books, splendid jewels of gold—
They were mine by mere seeing, each seller a slave

That made and displayed all their goods for my eyes,
And waited and hoped as I halted and gazed,
Then at night had to lock up their loot, and devise
How the cash to meet overdue bills could be raised.

Last night in a restaurant near Notre Dame,
And now in an attic by stately Saint Paul's,
To-morrow for "Italy's Crisis" I'll cram
And write as if under San Angelo's walls.

'Tis a strange life I know, but then no one regards
My fraction of work in humanity's sum,
One day on the pavement, the next on the sward,
Cab's noise for to-night, and to-morrow bees' hum.

That I'll die young is sure, it perplexes me not!
The bailiff will never war surely with clay,
Yet oh! if my grave were in one shady spot
In the Island of Wight, within sight of the bay:

How I long to lie there, for the breeze would bestir
The rank grass which grows in the cosy churchyard,
And the black-bird would pipe in the dusk of the fir,
And my mound by the delicate daisies be starred.

Well to bed ! but great loneliness prefaces sleep,
As I think of my mother who kissed me good-night ;
God is not austere when my life He shall reap,
If the grain-ears are scant, He'll remember the blight.

LOSS.

MEN were casting seed in furrows, birds were building in
the elms ;
On a sea of sunlight, parting heaven's blue from nature's
green,
Floated sounds like unseen galleys, as if fairies held their
helms,
When I found Love's brightest jewel in an April hour
serene.

Men were mowing in the meadows, birds were wiling
broods to fly,
And the great white clouds were forming phalanx in
the sultry west ;
Roses trembled at the careless touch of some quick passer-
by,
When set deftly in the gold of truth I wore my Love as
crest,

Men with sickles reaped the harvest, birds beyond the sea
had flown,

Not a gaudy moth did flitter in the cool pellucid air,
While the memories of summer round the recent graves
were strewn—

Then I lost the priceless love-gem that was braided in
my hair.

And I know now, never, never in the seasons yet to be
Shall I find again the treasure which I ever, ever seek ;
Do you marvel that the coming years will add but care to
me—

That, bereft by more than death's stern will, I pace this
sea-beach bleak ?

FLOWER LANGUAGE.

ONLY an hour since she sat on this rock, gazing with idle
eyes

On west-ward wandering ships, and ships coming in
from the sea,

And look ! the lily she held in her hand how lowly it
lies !

This finger-worn blossom was meant as her last harsh
letter to me.

I can read in its limp, crushed petals, an answer bitter and
brief,

“ Like this lily our love hath lived, and like it our love
did die.”

Yet I tenderly take from the sand this pallid-lipped bearer
of grief,

Because I shall need it mayhap some day to make a
reply.

A LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

“ HOW THEY KEPT THE SANCT HIS DAY IN THE OLDEN
TIME.”

“ Ho ! noble Scottish Lords and Knights,

Attend unto our will ;

This is the good Sanct Andrew's day,

Who guards our land from ill.

“ And by the ancient, holy rood,

He shall our anger dree,

Who'll quaff not to the Guardian Saint

Of Scotland Fair and Free.

“Montrose, unfurl the Silver Cross,
And answer for our Peers !
A braver Knight ne’er spurred a steed,
Tho’ far advanced in years.”

Scarce had the King’s words left his lips,
When that great throng arose ;
And thrice three hundred broadswords gleamed,
While spake deep-voiced Montrose :

Yea ! good Sir King we’ll pledge the Saint,
And by his name we swear
To strike for Scotland with our blades—
For Scotland’s King and Scotland’s maids—
Long live the Free and Fair !

“We’ll wet the Thistle’s leaves with wine,
This morn of Andrew’s day,
But at noon we’ll drench the Rose with blood ;
Our Rampant Lion lacketh food,
And the eagles scream for prey.

“Yea ! good my Liege, we’ll pledge the Saint
In brimming bowls of wine ;
Who fails to drain offends King James,
Who fails to swear, our foray blames,
And is no friend of mine.

“Now here before my King and men,
Who dare my words gainsay ?
Drink to ‘St. Andrew and our Right,’
The Guardian Sanct in peace or fight,
Then, Comrades, for the fray.”

Oh ! many a maid in Scottish halls,
Bewailed St. Andrew’s day ;
For the “Silver Cross” was stained and torn,
And Montrose lay low, but not forsworn,
And the eagles found a prey.

LORD CLYDE.

OBITU AUG., 1863.

“And indeed there is a great deal of reason why we should respect him, that with an untainted valor has grown olde in armes and hearing the drumme beat.”—Ov. FELTHAM, 1628.

SLEEP, soldier ! till the trumpet’s tone
Shall thrill all silent space with sound ;
Thy temples long the laurel bound.
Now men may grave on stately stone,

Thy fame, forever joined to fights,
Fought well by freemen in our age;
Thy name inscribed on Clio's page,
Beside the names of Christian knights.

In ringing rhyme or metre meet,
May poets yet thy valour praise,
As Homer in heroic days
Did laud Achilles, "swift of feet."

As Tasso told of Tancred's toil
To win from Paynim power the place,
Where men beheld Christ face to face,
Where He had walked—since sacred soil.

As Norland singers skilled to chaunt,
And strike the harp's hoarse-sounding strings,
Held highest heroes, stern sea-kings,
Whom woful Death did never daunt.

So may the bards thy deeds enchain,
In glowing, golden links of song,
Brave helper of the Right 'gainst Wrong,
Avenger of our kindred slain.

Dear warrior, rest! thy work is wrought,
Lie lapped in Death's quiescence deep,
"Our life is rounded with a sleep,"
Our few days are with evil fraught.

CREVE-CŒUR.

RED-lipped Jessie ! blue-eyed Jessie,
Girl of the golden hair !
Hurting my heart by your heartless answer,
Driving me into despair
Because of the ring you wear !

Sit and sing while your fingers flutter
Over the trembling keys.
Careless you sing, but I muse and mutter—
“ A ship went down in the narrow seas”—
Mutter the words that well from your lips
I lately kissed 'neath the poplar trees ;
Methinks some lovers are like to ships
When they go down in the narrow seas.

Him you charm with a voice too tender,
Me you remind of the Lyrist's lines,
*Prythee Pyrrha, what youth so slender
In the grot by your side reclines ?
Ah ! hapless stripling, credulous fellow,
Lie deep-lapped in delicious ease.
Strained through sunlight the breeze is mellow ;
This possession of peace you must soon surrender
To strive with storm in the narrow seas.*

When the music dies, another will utter
Courtly thanks for the ballad sweet ;
Heed you him, I shall musing mutter,
The stoutest ship of all our fleet,
Which many await on the windy quays
Longing their loving friends to greet,
Foundered alas ! in the narrow seas.

Say goodbye ! How the rain-wind wrestles
With the brittle boughs of the poplar trees !
And to-night, I know, when your fair face nestles
In another's breast, with the storm-blown vessels
I too shall drive o'er the narrow seas.

.

AN EPITAPH.

How went my youth ? alas ! bitter truth !
It waned like the moon into clouds uncouth,
Which hung over dawning dark omens of rain.

How went my age ? Turn thou the torn page,
And read, writ in blood, Death's final mortgage—
Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of Pain.

SONNETS.

As monks were wont once to illuminate
The *miserere* in their missals traced,
Making the leaden, laden words ornate,
So Time hath with warm colours gaily graced
The boughs which tell us summer fair is not,
While her pale shade sits under sere red leaves,
Mourning alone by night. The human lot
Is like to summer. Some one grieves
This moment over features sharp and white,
And daily for new graves they break the ground;
New tombstones ever meet the morning light.
But when the trumpet, angel-blown, shall sound,
(As Spring's sleep-waking voice invokes leaves sweet)
God's dead so dear, shall rise, the Christ to greet.

THE moon peered through a rent in sullen clouds,
Like to a nun's pale face at convent grate;
To smooth shore-curves, long waves brought in their
freight—
Light surf which Fancy weaveth into shrouds
For sailors drowned in furrows of the sea.
A beacon by the limit of the land,

Flung far its warning light, and near the sand
A wreck's ribs cowered like men in agony.

Oh ! solemn night, when in the sense's scope,

All sounds and scenes my reverence inspired.

It is not well by night with doubt to grope,

Blind to the stars which David's eyes admired ;

Deaf also to the everlasting praise

That towering surges to their Maker raise.

THE comprehension of a sin I nursed so long,

Like torrent lately on me, conscious, rushed,
And fearless conscience showed me all my wrong,

One dawn before the orient skies were flushed.

" Oh ! querulous soul," it said, " be humbled, hushed,

Grief hath been wholly hallowed—Jesus wept—

Moan not, since for thy welfare hopes were crushed ;

Think of the vigil which the lone Christ kept

Within Gethsemane—while others slept,

The man of sorrows in keen anguish was."

Lord pardon me, who often heedless crept

Into woe's gloom without sufficient cause,

And wailing, at God's providence repined—

Forgive, Thou sorrow-bearer for mankind !

'TIS ten years' since ! the trees no taller seem ;

Their noonday, dreamy whispers are the same

As in those summers past, and lo ! a gleam

Of sunshine yonder smites each brother's name,
Deep-graved with crude boy-skill on that beech bole
Whose wounds have all been healed, yet show the scars.
Muse in this cloister-grove. Such hours, O soul !

Matched with work's thoughts, are planets unto stars !
Think over days when all the tense, toned chords
Of household harp to voice were resonant.

Alas ! a silver string is snapt. What words

Save Christ's can comfort ? What deed daunt
Death but His dying ? Though mute here His lips,
My Father sings with saints in John's Apocalypse.

BEST of all trees I love the stately sombre pines,
For in their solemn fugue tremendous truths I hear !
A creeping wind but toys with trembling ferns and
vines ;

The wide storms spurning Earth sweep through the ether
clear,

And to the ancient pines while passing by, they cry—
Utter our message unto man ! though he may rear
Brave towers, yet as old Babel they will ruined lie,
But our Creator's steadfast city is on high,
Where such as overcome on earth accept their crowns !
Thus doth my soul receive wind's words whenever I
Like reed bow down, with cadence deep, faint doubt
it drowns,

And in the tossing wood the prophet pines proclaim
The dreadful nature of His Hebrew name.

DRY petals next Keats' rarest sonnet lying,
Thick moss within the granite's crevice-clasp,
In pause of Triumph's cheers a mourner's crying
And dew-moist daisies in a confined baby's grasp.
Ay ! death in life, the twilight breeze is sighing
While darkness settles on the sodden flats ;
Short, dismal notes the herons utter, flying,
And sudden circles make the elfish bats.
Oh ! soul of mine, thy past in sooth is black—
Night-time and thought and place combine
To lead thee by forlorn and gloomy pathways back
Unto the land and loved ones of *Lang syne* :
Distance from it, or death from them divides.
Yet, soul ! Love's country is where Christ abides.

REMEMBRANCE.

HIS breath oft filled this flute at night,
While I gave voice to some old song,
Concerning love's brief-lived delight,
Or broken heart's incessant wrong.

The wild, sweet music that he made
With sad words well would sympathize ;
He felt their pathos as he played,
And uttered sobbing notes in sighs.

I' THE GLOAMING.

THE West by sunset glorified,
And Eastward dusk becoming dense,
Reflected in the rippled tide
Fair Aphrodité's light intense.

And far the moon wan radiance flung,
Till it was lost where grim pines grow ;
Above our boat a glamour hung,
And Fancy swam before our prow.

The crimson slowly changed to grey,
The air seemed vibrant beating time
To wavelet's chime and dying day,
While sapphire stars gemmed heaven sublime.

Veiled like an Odalisque, came night,
And kissed our brows with lips dew-cold,
Then passed the sea-scape from our sight,
And round us folds of gloom were rolled.

NIHILOMINUS.

ADMIRING my house, I heard you say :
"He walks through life in a pleasant way."

Your eyes were soothed by lawn and trees ;
The kine in clover and hum of bees

Made you think of the Eastern fare,
And orchard blooms perfumed the air.

Within you found my book-shelves filled—
Statues and pictures by artists skilled—

Service and substance—all things good
Which one may covet in selfish mood.

Then to the owner of all you said—
"Yes, soft is the road of life to your tread."

But ah ! my friend, God knows the truth,
I am care-worn in the days of my youth ;

For loss is a haunting evil thing—
I miss the dead whose graves each spring

Clothes with grass and shades with leaves,
Hence my heart in this plenty grieves.

A MIDSUMMER RHYME.

THE mower sang gaily while whetting his blade
 (Over red clover the honey bees hover),
Some ditty a dolorous lover had made,
 Concerning hearts hurt beyond healing.

I, hid in the hedge, heard the clang of the scythe
 (Over lush clover the humming bees hover),
And the rustic beheld—a tall fellow and lithe,
 Whose heart surely needed no healing.

And smiling I mused on the singer's glad mood
 (Over thick clover the busy bees hover),
On the song-maker's sorrow whose rhyming, though
 rude,
 Showed his heart was indeed beyond healing.

He ceased ! I arose and strolled on to the tree
 (Over white clover what sweet odours hover),
Awaiting the tryst which she promised to me,
 For my heart, arrow-hurt, craved its healing.

Long under the thick-leaved, broad branches I read
 (Over white clover her name seemed to hover)
The thoughts which a poet had bartered for bread,
 While the hurt of his heart needed healing.

I passed the mown field in the tranquil moonlight
 (Over cut clover no late bee did hover),
And I knew in the dream of a midsummer night,
 That my heart was deep-hurt beyond healing.

KISMET.

So the third act of Destiny's played, and two more,
 With their possible shadowed by that which is done,
Loom loftily dark : well, a man at two score
 Has very few ends that he wishes were won.

When the crust is quite sure, and pure water so cheap,
 Why should aspiration fly far from to-day ?
When true love is buried so deep, heart, so deep,
 Why beat to old hopes under budding of May ?

WINTERLY WEATHER.

A WILDERNESS indeed with snow instead of sand,
The firs crouched, growing curved to bear the blast
That hurtles always on them in the winter, stand
Like sentries waiting till the bitter night is past.

The crescent moon seems in yon racing clouds
Like reason in the rush of night-mare dreams ;
These hollows choked with drift, lie stiff as shrouds
Whose sharp-peaked folds beam under candle-gleams.

A night to bring one's memories out,
And count the still facts of eventful life,
While drifts arise at East wind's sudden shout,
And flee like ghosts from unavailing strife.

I draw the curtain, thinking that the night
Repeats in nature's symbols mine own case.
Death, storm and snow in its white whirling flight—
Skies lacking mildness of God's gracious face !

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

IN summer days the light winds love to linger in the
forest,

Kissing softly-tinted petals, thrilling through the foliage green,

Greatly swaying feather ferns, making music all melodious.

Would you try from summer winds and woods the
Poet's soul to wean ?

Spring was born amidst pale petals and she died among
the roses ;

Half her life was full of weeping, like a sad forsaken
maid,

And the earth forgot her sorrow when the fair, flushed
face of Summer

Glowed on meadow and on mountain—peered from
every grove and glade.

But the golden glorious Summer, ah the joyaunt, flowery
Summer !

Glad she came with fragrant garlands, tearful went with
withered leaves ;

And the many tongues of Nature make a moaning lamentation,

And the Earth in silent sorrow for her well-belovèd
grieves.

Languid water-lilies quiver in the lake's extended ripples,
Purple clouds, like drifting islands, bar the blueness of
the sky ;

All the undulating ocean chaunts a slow, sonorous chorus :
Like to mortals, like to mortals, doth the summer radi-
ance die !

Ay ! when wet winds wrestle sorely with the woodland
in October,

All Earth's blossoms fair shall perish, and her bosom
be their bier ;

Chilly rains will patter o'er them, leaf-stript willows shriek
their Requiem,

For the beauty of the Beautiful fades with the waning
year.

ON DECK.

OVER-MAST the Southern Cross,

Under keel the Tropic sea !

Ah ! to-night a sense of Loss—

Head-stones green with rain-nurst moss,

And a sombre, low yew-tree :

Such suggestions of Remembrance

Bring the far Home-Land to me !

Oh ! my love, my heart is heavy

With the thoughts of Death and Thee.

REGRET.

ALAS ! for the rose-crowned Fancies,
For the bright-eyed Hope, ah me !
Lo ! over the long moor dances—
White on the marshes, wan on the lea—
Will-o-wisp in the murky night
Mocking my soul with its elfish flight.

I would it were faintly beating—
Beating to death, my heart !
For after Death must be meeting—
We shall then be near not apart.
Will-o-wisp in the murky night
Guide me to him with your fitful light !

DESPAIR.

THE flapping of its wounded wing
Doth sorely pain the dove in flying ;
The beating of my broken heart
Makes living very like to dying.

The days must come, the days will pass,
Some bleak as frowns, some bland as smiles ;
Like stones they'll stand in snow or grass,
To mete for weary me Life's miles. .

“MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.”

I do not own an acre of the Earth,
And yet a kingdom vast belongs to me.
Yea ! I am monarch of a spacious realm
More ample than the circle Cæsar's sword
Traced on the world, to comprehend the lands
His iron eagles shadowed with their wings.
My fair and far domain in Dreamland is,
Imagination bounds it as Desire decrees :
Oh ! pleasant are the forests, fields and lakes,
The mountains and the heather-purpled glens,
The sounding rivers, and the rock-bound coasts
Which my own territory doth contain ;
And it hath deserts full of fearful shapes—
Lone tarns where horror broods like anchorite,
Grey ruins which the ghosts of Romance haunt.
Its people are the women, men and youth
Who lived in centuries and countries old,
Or those creations of the poet's power
Whom Fancy dearly loves in idle days.
Words are too weak, colours too crude and cold
To manifest the glory and the grace
In my possessions. Unto it I go
When heart-sick at the failure of my hope,
When very tired in brain, when solitude

Is sweeter than the kindly voice of friends.
Also, I have a wise and faithful Scribe ;
Imagination writes the chronicles
Concerning my dominion, which I keep
Careful, in coffers as the Latin priests
Preserved in cedar chests the Sybil's books,
And as the ancient Oriental King,
Who, sleepless one midnight, commandment gave
To read the record of his mighty realm !
I wakeful often bid sage memory—
That subtle ministrant, unroll the scroll
And utter what is written, with soft voice ;
Also my dead dwell there, glad, beautiful—
No moan upon their mouths, nor in their eyes
The sorrow of those living this side death.
So I am rich in having region vast,
And only covet some few feet of earth
Beside my graves, to make a grave for me
When day-dreams cease and, rest eternal reached,
I, free among the dead, sleep peacefully.

TENDER AND TRUE.

OH ! moody guest of mine depart—
Go hence, pale necromancer !
I'll harbour joy within my heart.

Then memory made me answer :
 I will abide
 And be thy guide
On dreary nights to yon still land,
Where white by graves the head-stones stand.

Sad-visaged Shade, begone ! for, hark !
 Love knocks and craves admission ;
If thy weird presence he should mark—
 Thy tear-moist eyes' contrition—
 He would not stay,
 So haste away !
But memory weeping sadly said,
 Can I be faithless to the dead ?

HER JOY

At low tide ! at low tide ! I lost my sweetheart true,
 And watched the boat that bore him below the foam-
 ing bar ;
Along the bare, wet beach I ran, and passed the wind
 that blew
His ship across the roughened sea towards the evening
 star.

At high tide ! at high tide ! I gained my love again ;
 I saw men furling canvas, as up the bay there sailed
His vessel in the dawning, and I to weep was fain
 When by the waning 'morning star his cheery voice I
 hailed.

SORROW.

WITHIN this shell's pink-tinted cell,
Out comes a sound of hopeless sighing ;
And so from out my vacant heart
Forlornly ever issues crying.

The nights must come, the nights will go,
And some dawn I shall surely cease ;
Oh ! answer Love, " Shall this my woe,
In God's beyond give place to peace ? "

HER HOPE.

AWAITING and awaiting, until embracing arms
Shall clasp in love's completeness my heart and all its
care ;
Oh, Husband dear, my sailor, to-night the wind has charms
Because it blows you home again through dark and
rainy air.

I, sitting with fond memories, desire the absent face—
How your brown eyes will light up to see our baby boy !
Oh ! breeze and waves ! send forward my sailor to this
place,
Where love is waiting patiently to welcome him with
joy.

CHANGED.

THEY walked beneath the babbling leaves,
When Spring's fine music filled the air—
He said : " Ere reapers bind the sheaves
We'll wear the mantle Love now weaves,
For we shall be a wedded pair."

Then " yes," she answered with her eyes,
But sadly bade him mark the South,
Where rain-clouds blurred the clear-blue skies ;
" Ah sweet," he said, " let us now prize
The sunlight," and he kissed her mouth

He told her love was love alway ;
That he had read in ancient song,
How Hero's lover cleft his way
Through waves tumultuous veiled in spray,
And wooed her, willing, all night long.

They walked above the fallen leaves—
The chill wind blew through rustling reeds ;
She said, " Farewell," *Love's hope believes*,
But lo ! Love often sits and grieves
By Truth's tomb overgrown with weeds.

CONTRITION.

OVER a parapet of great sullen clouds
The worn, haggard moon gazed
Like a face forlorn and weary of siege,
And under the eyes of this wan, wasted Spectator,
This most sternly regarding moon,

I heart desolate wept.

Oh ! Christ, fair, sweet, pitying Lord,
Thou alone canst number my tears,
For once Peter, ere the echo of cock-crow
Ceased in the court of the High Priest's house,
Stood in the sight of a quiet dawn

And wept bitterly, bitterly,
Remembering the wrong he had done Thee
And troubled sore by the tender reproach of Thine
eyes.

Then slowly grief grew cold and still,
Till each tear-drop more tardily falling,
And less large than its forerunners,
Ended at last an icicle of Sorrow,
And I knew now the keener agony
Of a soul mourning in the chill of doubt ;
The night, the silence, the rampart of clouds
And that pallid, evil moon.

I knew now nothing but the round full sun,
The warm, splendid, earth-waking sun,
Could dissolve this, my frozen woe,
Into the kindly drip of human tears.
Wherefore I waited pale and cold
 As the cruel moon,
Which unpitying waned westward,
Still gazing askance at me with scorn ;
But oh, how long I waited for morning.

THE OWL.

EMBLEM I take you, Bird, to be
 Of ancient philosophic lore,
At evening to a lonely tree
 On slowly flapping wings you soar,
And sitting there, disturb the rest
Of silence sleeping on Earth's breast.

In darkness did the Pagan search
 For Truth that only walks in light.
I hear you hooting from yon perch,
 And think the poet's myth was right—
Minerva for her favourite chose
The owl which all day is morose.

SONGS FROM HEINE.

I.

IN May month wondrous fair,
When buds to blooms were growing,
My heart was first aware
Of gentle love inflowing.

Ah yes ! in that dear May
Soft airs through bird-notes blowing—
To *her* I took my way,
And soon true love was showing.

II.

What myriad blossoms rise
From my outgushing tears !
And in my many sighs
The nightingale one hears.

Sweet-heart ! love me alone,
The flowers will then be thine,
The nightingale's soft moan
Shall give thee lays divine.

III.

Yea ! into this lily I'll pour all my soul,
As one fills a chalice with wine,
Strange music will breathe from its odorous bowl,
Making song for this mistress of mine.

And tremblingly tender that singing will seem,
The thrill and the thrall of her kiss,
Which she willingly gave in the sunniest gleam
Of an hour full of rapturous bliss.

EXPECTATION.

THE tide was ebbing and I sat watching
Every wave come back for a wave,
Out each rocked to the length of ocean
Whither had sailed my lover brave.

He left me here when the woods were budding,
He kissed me here when the moon was low,
And here to-day I await his coming
Expecting ever his good ship's prow.

OLD ENGLAND.

Lines read at the Dinner of the "St. George's Society, of Hants County," at Windsor, N. S., on St. George's Day, 1873.

FAIR Liberty once wanted period and place,
To which might be chained the events of a race,
Destined to spread over the world's wide space,
And the anchor she cast was "'Old England ;"
Her best bower she dropped in the sea.

And so, though her far away colonies toss
On the waves of adventure, adversity, loss,
That cable parts not, and Saint George's Red Cross
Flutters high on the ramparts of England,
To our eager gaze over the sea.

Some may scoff, saying " England declines from her
fame,
Her Lion, once rampant, hath now become tame ;
Her honour is tarnished, her weapon-arm lame ;"
They are wrong who thus speak of Old England
She is firm as her cliffs by the sea.

Should occasion demand, she shall yet lead the van ;
All her classes and castes disappear, and the man
Shall alone rise in wrath at the wrong which began
 When Cæsar invaded Old England,
And met her—met first in the sea.

Oh ! never ! while boys read the records of yore,
While eye and arm strain at the rifle and oar,
Shall the guns of our ships and our forts cease to
 roar ;
Hurrah ! we'll defend mother England,
The mistress supreme of the sea.

God give her the grace still to have and to hold
All birthrights bequeathed by the ancient and bold !
May her temples be girt with that circlet of gold—
 Begemmed be the heroes of England,
Who were brave both by land and by sea.

Dear Nation ! whose greatness is threefold to-day,
Your Saxons and Celts with united hearts pray
That the Knight shall the Dragon of Error aye slay,
 Keeping trust with the faithful of England—
That inviolate home of the free.

WAITING.

THERE'S a girl in the garden, and she sings, how she
sings!

"Oh! I would it were the summer, though these
days of May are dear ;

For my lover will come hither when the honeysuckle
clings

To the casement, and the butterfly shames blossoms
with its wings ;

Yes, my darling will then whisper witching love-lore
in my ear."

There's a girl in the garden, and she sighs, how she
sighs!

"Wherefore do the winds delay him, when they ought
to waft him on ?

Yet, my love will keep the trysting ere the season's
splendour dies,

Though the glory of the last rose in the rank weeds
withered lies,

He will come before the pansies and the iris blooms
are gone."

There's a girl in the garden, and she wails, how she
wails !

While the wind derides her mourning as it drives the
leaves abroad,

"Never, never in the haven shall my sailor find his
sails,"

Nor with boisterous ballad-fragments blame the fury
of the gales,

For his failing to keep promise when on earth the
summer trode."

There's a girl in the garden, and she moans, how she
moans !

As the snow is falling softly on her white and wasted
face,

"Oh ! I long to lie beside my kin where stand mem-
orial stones——"

But she hears her name now spoken in *his* sweet
familiar tones,

"Love, I come, though late, to greet you in our
wonted trysting place."

NEW DEFINITIONS OF LEGAL TERMS.

“That two ideas can be associated or dissociated by the mediation of a third, depends upon the limits assigned to these ideas by definition, and that again depends on a greatly improved value of words.”—DE QUINCY.

JOHN DOE was a baker not very well bred,
Who, once, in the flower of his youth did aspire
To become an attorney, for cunning folks said—
To be “Master of Rolls” was the fellow’s desire.

And his friend Richard Roe was a sailor, whose heart
In the Highlands went ever a chasing the dear ;
He becomes second mate to a widow so smart,
When the courtship had weathered the gales of a year.

The Dock is a place where some shattered life-boats
Are dragged to be mended, or often condemned ;
Good suits make poor clients wear very bad coats—
And the length of a Brief on one’s purse doth depend.

Law points are full blunt, and mere words make a deed,
A bit of advice is curbed ever by gold,
And as Meccans once held the idolatrous creed
That a dark stone was sacred, so all lawyers hold

That Blackstone in Temples and Inns is supreme,
And Coke very fit to increase legal heat—
The Bench and the Bar are made out of the beam
Which in Justice's balance once weighed all deceit.

REVERIE.

WHERE are the chaplets which not long ago
Were round mine wound,
As bays are bound
About a warrior's temples stern ?
Faded and flown
On chilly gust
I know not whither.

Life's spring to autumn went, then fell the snow,
Uncrowned I sound
My loss profound,
For yearn my blossoms' fate to learn
On what grave strewn,
On whose poor dust
To dust they wither.

MARINE VIEWS.

SAID an ancient marine, whose shell-jacket was red,
To a young marine buttoned in blue :
“ A joke has been running all day in my head,
Which I think is both spicy and new.

“ We are lobsters, the land-lubbers quizzingly say ;
Well let them, 'tis true I confess ;
But how is their wit reconciled, Joe, I pray,
With the manifest difference of dress ?

“ I'll tell you, my covey, as soon as I light
The pipe that I clutch in my claw ;
A lobster when boiled is a different sight
From a lobster, young Joey, when raw.

“ One is red, that's your humble ; another is blue—
D'ye twig what I'm driving at, mate ?
I'm a veteran biled in the service, but you
Are yet in a very raw state.”

Joe laughed, and then muttered, “ I do not dispute
The honour, nor talk of true blue,
But yet that flash reason, old chap, I'll refute,
And give you no more than your due.

"'Tis hot water that changes the colour, you know,
Of lobsters ; and I have been told,
From marriage hot water does frequently flow—
Your wife, I believe, is a scold !"

A SEA TONE.

AH ! who can ever understand
The anguish of the moaning sea ?
Held in the hollow of God's hand
Yet free to wander past the land,
Why should its voice so mournful be ?

What marvel ? For in thine own soul
Divinely kept, from depths profound
Come sadder cries than those which roll
Round beach, or reef or hidden shoal,
Hence human grief takes every sound,

To be the echo of its woe,
And rippled leaves or troubled waves,
The stars that shine, the flowers which blow,
The bending grass and drifting snow
Interpret sorrow near her graves.

FROM HORACE. EPODE II.

FULL happy he who, far from town's turmoil,
With his own oxen ploughs paternal soil,
Contented like our sires with rural toil.

Free from the constant cares of usury,
Nor trumpet's shrill tone heedeth he,
Nor trembleth at the troubled sea.

Who, careless of a fickle people, shuns
The Forum, nor as client runs
Towards the door of powerful ones :

But marries lofty poplars to the vine,
So that the pliant round the rigid twine,
Or in a valley watches errant kine :

Or prunes unfruitful shoots with curved blade keen,
Ingrafting better branches straight and green,
Or storeth honey in *amphoræ* clean.

And in the sultry summer sheareth sheep ;
And when the lagging hours of Autumn creep,
How he rejoices heavy ears to reap ;

And pluck the mellow pears from laden boughs,
Or purple clusters meet to wreathe thy brows—
Priapus, hearer of the rustic's vows.

To thee Silvanus, guardian of the grounds—
Custodian careful of the ancient bounds
He offers gifts 'mid Autumn's scents and sounds.

Sometimes beneath an oak he loves to lie,
Sometimes reclines 'mong grass grown strong and
 high,
Soothed by the voice of falling waters nigh ;

While birds in woodland shades do pipe and sing,
And crystal fountains, gently murmuring,
Soft sleep to drowsy eyelids lightly bring.

But when the season of bleak winds and snows
Urgeth to daring deeds, he scorns repose,
And wild boar to the toils he drives with blows ;

Or capture thrushes in well-woven snares.
Such scenes and acts, the while he dares,
Makes weary man forget his various cares.

-FROM HORACE.

THE snow hath melted, now to mead and tree
The tender verdure comes again ;
Earth hath a milder mood, in gush and glee
Freed rivers swollen by the rain
Glide by green banks towards the sea.

And now in dance the comely Graces dare
To beat the ground with naked feet ;
Quick trip the nymphs and Sisters fair,
To flute's melodious murmurs meet,
While warm winds woo their loosened hair.

But that all beauty born on earth must die,
Learn from the swift-revolving year !
On pinions fleet the Spring hours fly,
And golden summer days so dear ;
In mouldering leaves the blossoms lie.

Spring breezes break hard winter's chain,
And on Spring's corpse treads summer flushed,
And summer tearful leaves the lanes
To Autumn when the grapes are crushed—
Then come the winter's blasts and rains.

Ever new moons their silver shields renew,
But mortals dead are dust and shade ;
We fall as fell the olden crew—
In narrow graves our forms are laid—
Of all men this, alas ! is true.

To our short life another fleeting day
Who knoweth if the fates will add ;
Therefore O Friend ! give while you may—
Gifts make the giver and the getter glad
An heir will o'er your wealth have sway.

Torquatus ! dead, thy ghost will hear its doom
From Minos' lips, the awful king ;
Nor canst thou then rise from the tomb,
Though of thy worth the poets sing.
Diana out of Hades' gloom

Could not invoke her Hippolyte ;
Nor Theseus, mighty though he was,
Bear back Perithous to the upper light.
Resistless are grim Pluto's laws—
What soul with destiny may fight ?

A SPRING SONG FROM HORACE.

"Solvitur acris hiems."

BITTER winter's reign is over,
Spring returns, the sprightly rover
 With Favonian wind, soft blowing
Now the mariners in glee
Draw the dry keels down to sea,
 Many kine a-field are lowing.

Nor do flocks now need fold shelter,
Nor near hearth doth rustic swelter,
 Nor do hoar frosts meadows whiten ;
Now the nymphs in dance are led
By Queen Venus, while o'erhead,
 Luna's beams the revel lighten.

Lo ! their feet the bare Earth beating,
Lo ! the Cyclops huge bolts heating,
 Ardent Vulcan with them working,
Now 'tis time our brows to twine,
With the myrtle, Love's sweet sign,
 And first flowers in low dells lurking.

And now Janus sure deserveth
Sacrifice, for he preserveth
 Flocks and herds from dangers often ;
Slay a lamb in shady glade,
On his altar should be laid
 Tender kid his heart to soften.

Pallid Death most dread to mortals,
Knocketh loudly at the portals
 Of a King's tall-towered mansion,
And the hovel of a poor one ;
Brief life warns us, friend, to shun
 Giving hope a wide expansion.

Soon Eternal night will press thee,
And the manes mute distress thee
 In the dark Plutonian dwelling,
When thy soul hath thither sped
From wine-mirth thou shalt have fled,
 And the love from warm heart welling.

ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

THIS music stirs me,
The strong song of the sea !
Ever chaunting its chorus. Companions wait thee
In the Fortunate isles far away.

Somewhere in the West
Lie those isles of the blest
It were better to search for that region of rest,
Where the high-hearted heroes abide,

Than thus to repine
In this kingdom of mine !
As the altar I drench with libations of wine,
I pray that my fate may come soon.

Yet, I dread to depart,
Lest I break the true heart
That was grieved when the years kept us farther apart,
While the will of the Powers was evolved.

My Penelope pale !
You oft weep at the tale
Of the toils that befel me in sunshine and gale—
The perils of ocean and land.

Ay me ! must you weep
When less faithful ones sleep,
And I wander once more on the terrible deep
 In a galley whose prow fronts the West ?

But Zeus must decree
As the stern sisters three
Appoint. I shall wait. Lo ! an omen I see—
 Yon cloud like a galley sails west.

My sea-worn ship swings
To the tide-flow, and sings
Like the Argo an epic of wonderful things,
 And thoughts at the edge of the world.

Yes, thy bleached sails shall strain
With the wind's wrath again ;
Thy keel shall divide the grey ridge of the main—
 Breaking soft on the land of my dream.

Oh ! ye faithful and few
That remain of my crew,
Let us grasp the smooth arms of our oars, and renew
 The adventurous quest as of old.

ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT.

SWEET spirit-face, blue pensive eyes,
Dear Phantom whom I wholly love !
For perfect bliss I dare despise
What my companions greatly prize—
The gift of mortal maiden's glove.

Since that calm twilight when there came
Thy muffled presence first to me.
At tilts, as peerless I proclaim
Aslauga, Danish Ragnar's dame,
Entombed an hundred years and three.

Men whisper as they see me ride
Adown the lists with levelled spear,
Lo ! witched Sir Froda, full of pride,
Who names his love, a buried bride—
King Lodbrog wept beside her bier !

Because thy beauty I behold
Dimly through gleams of amber hair,
•My crest is flowing locks of gold,
And tresses round my casque are rolled,
Which glowing, shame the sunlight's glare.

I sit apart at festal board,
And hear the harpers sing of fights ,
Of Vikings' galleys fifty-oared—
The fatal Neibelungen hoard,
And lithe-limbed, lovely water sprites.

But when they cease, I fearless stand
Soul-rapt in a mysterious mood,
And tell how in the Summer bland,
When Beauty graced this rough North-land,
Aslauga met me in the wood !

A STORM PIECE.

KING NEPTUNE is riding his wild steeds to-day,
And he lustily roareth, Hurrah !
Their manes are foam-crests and their breath is the spray,
They are chasing the straining boats into the bay,
As their rude rider howleth, Hurrah !
Into the bay where the sobbing sea nestles,
Clasped by the sturdy brown arm of the land ;
Where women are standing by long-stranded vessels,
And shivering surf finds a grave in the sand.

Still the Sea-king doth urge his strong horses, and chides
When they rear at the white line of breakers ;
See the maddened steeds quicken their terrible strides—
Ho ! Forward, Hurrah, ye Earth-shakers,
He hoarsely cheers, Forward, Hurrah !

And the fishermen's faces are seen from the shore,
All sharpened and blanched, for dread death is behind,
The women kneel down, and in anguish implore
God's mercy on kin and on kind.
They most earnestly pray,
Lifting their pleading voices high
Above the little children's cry,
And the roar of the storm as it hurtles by,
For their people in peril alway,
But racing with Death on the surges to-day.

Three broken boats, four panting men,
Two dank corpses, a tangled net :
Of sires and sons there sallied forth ten—
The cruel sea hath some dead yet.

* * * * *

Through the fearful night sat fisher folk
By the mangled, wet-haired corpses ;
And at morn, when the little children woke,
They watched the great, grey sea-horses

Plunging around the steadfast shore—
Pawing madly upon the beach.
Afar on green clefts the foam lay frore—
Here a tattered hat, there a shattered oar ;
While fitfully came from a distant reach—
Hurrah, my shore-shakers !
Hurrah, ye woe-makers—
The shouts of King Neptune full stern in his sway,
Who guides the fierce horses that ruthlessly slay.

CHRIST'S CHILD.

GOD wanted a voice for the Heavenly Choir,
That well might blend with a harp of gold,
And Christ said, "Father this thy desire
I will bring from the lambs of my earthly fold.

"Hark ! ever a trustful, earnest Prayer,
From a child's pained heart ascends on high,
This bud must be blown in celestial air,
Because I love her, the maid shall die."

So Jesus sent death on an Autumn morn,
To call her "Home" through the valley of shade ;
And the Lord himself in the gloom forlorn,
Awaited the feet of the little maid.

Not alone, sweet Christ, did she walk, we know
Thy hand clasped hers in the dark ravine,
With the light of Thy grace her face was aglow,
As she gazed all glad on Thine eyes serene.

Oh ! darling, whose dust to the dust we gave,
When the cold rain dripped on the coffin lid ;
It was only " the mortal " we placed in the grave—
Yea ! only the flesh from our sight we hid.

For thy soul to the vision of faith doth stand—
A minstrel ministrant—near God's throne,
In the radiance soft of Emmanuel's land,
Now knowing the Saviour as thou art known.

Ye weepers, Hope kneels on the tear-wet sod,
That covers her pale dead face to day ;
She is safe with Christ in the City of God,
From the pain and the grief and the sin away.

Poor heart that wast troubled so sorely here,
Tired heart, thou art still, thank God, at last ;
The snow past thy tomb in the Church-yard drear,
Shall drift at the will of the wailing blast :

Then often our thoughts stealing forth from our
homes,
To her narrow house near a leafless tree
Will return, saying, "Under the Heaven's vast domes
She abides our coming, fair Christ, to Thee !"

“ KNOCKING.”

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE.

DEAR Christ! and dost Thou thus entreating stand,
Without the soul's door closed by careless sin,
Still knocking, knocking with Thy nail-pierced hand,
And urging sinner, “ For thine own sake let Me in.”

Behold! while on the threshold wait those patient feet,
The dewfall beads His thorn-encircled brow ;
Oh! sinner wake, because this voice is very sweet,
Arise and answer, open even now.

At soul's door sin admission sought and found,
But Jesus is denied an entrance here ;
Beneath the stars, upon the cold, moist ground,
Love standeth knocking—Love that God holds dear.

In this the midnight is thine hour of grace,
Beyond it Judgment's trumpets sternly blow ;
Fling wide the door, and kiss Emmanuel's face,
It may be in the dawning Christ will go.

FOUND.

ASTRAY, alone and torn by thickets of the thorn,
Afar from Love and help, I lay in great despair,
When unto me thus left in woe and gloom forlorn,
There came with wind and radiant dawning of the
 morn,
One wearing humble raiment such as shepherds wear.

And as I wondered at His presence sad yet sweet,
In such bare, dreary wastes where never flocks can
 feed,
He came so near that I beheld His bleeding feet—
His hands and, wounded pale, fair face for kisses meet,
Then I knew Christ the Lord himself had come indeed.

And while He freed me from my cruel, thorny strait,
Pierced more as He the bondage of the boughs unbound,
I heard Him say, "God's angels at the City's gate,
Are all rejoicing, yea, rejoicing greatly, for though late,
'Tis not too late, lost soul! mine erring sheep is found!"

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.

ONE says, " Christ to a certain city came,
Tired with long travel in a rocky way ;
No person in this city knew His name,
But many marvelled at His rude array
And pensive face.

" Now it was drawing near the hour of prayer,
And throngs towards the holy temple walked ;
Meek Jesus followed them, but by the stair
He stood, and with a palsied beggar talked
Concerning God.

" And past these twain strode Scribe and Pharisee,
All careful lest their garments hem should touch
Aught common, saying, ' Gracious God, to Thee
We utter grateful words since we, not such
As others are.'

" A band of boisterous boys burst up the street,
Kicking a loathsome, mangled thing with jeers,
Until it reached our blessed Saviour's feet—
A dead dog, pierced by Roman soldiers' spears,
And bruised with blows.

“The people pressing round began to jest,
Some call, ‘See how his tender skin is torn!’
And some, ‘He surely was unbidden guest
At feast where rarer robes than his were worn,
And so was slain.’

“But pale-faced Christ kept silence, till the crowd
Had ceased from sneering, and with tearful eyes
Gazed on the carcass, then He cried aloud,
‘The teeth of this dead dog you all despise,
Are white as pearls!’

“Thus having spoken, Jesus slowly went
Into the temple, where a Rabbi read
The law of Moses. But the beggar bent
Upon his staff and very calmly said—
‘This is the Christ.’”

BY OUR CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHEN you and I were younger,
Life's herald was Love's hope ;
Grief gave us not heart-hunger,
Since then, alas ! we grope
Because of eyes tear-blinded.

When you and I are older,
And in the vale forlorn,
Should Death's breath seem the colder,
All in God's golden morn
The gates of pearl will glimmer.

When you and I were stronger,
We heeded not hard ways ;
But now the road looks longer
To our far-reaching gaze,
Because we are care-wearied.

When you and I are weaker
Christ's strength will serve our need ;
And we, through suffering, meeker
Than any bruised reed —
Shall find and fold our Darling.

AH ! Maggie, our angel, your sweet face grew whiter
With the growth and the gladness of May, and you
died

When midsummer's glory made Earth's features brighter ;
At the sunfall your life ebbed away with the tide,
Leaving hope's withered leaf in life's winter.

What shall we carve on Maggie's monument ?
Some quiet phrase our trust in Christ to mark,
This—"Good-night, Darling." We are both content,
Knowing you sleep so safely through the dark.

When you were with us, Darling, all our own,
Into Earth's night-rest with soft kiss you bore
These sweet words from your mother's hushing tone,
So keep them till Death's night and sleep are o'er.

HEART BEATS

WHEN she was born, our First-born, Margaret,
In that tempestuous Autumn morn,
With grateful tears your Mother-eyes were wet ;
My wife, my child, I kissed you both, and yet
When happy I walked forth, and saw the corn
Broken and beaten to the earth,
I sighed, but said, Death will not touch our Darling,
And she will grow to a woman fair.

When she was dead, our winsome Margaret,
On that grey day of odours newly-born
From flowers soft-shaken in a wan sunset,
Wife ! how our eyes in utter anguish met !
Our aching hearts by sobs were fiercely torn,
We sat and cried in desert's dearth ;
Always to miss the warm kiss of our Darling—
The golden gossamer of her hair.

ECCE HOMO.

CHIEF Priests and Scribes and Latin guard,
They thronged around the Christ woe-marred,
While Lictor's scourge His shoulders scarred.

But mute and meek before them all,
Behold the Man in Pilate's hall,
Draped with a torn, soiled purple pall.

Thorn-crowned, his quivering temples bleed,
His right hand holds a mocking reed—
Yet pain and scorn He doth not heed.

Rude soldiers smite Him on the cheeks,
Still not one wrathful word He speaks,
Nor help from heavenly legions seeks.

"Behold the Man!" the Roman said—
Believing human, Him who bled
When that crown's spines had pierced His head.

Behold the Man, my soul, and see
In Love that loads yon grim cross-tree,
The ransom God hath paid for thee.

Behold the Man, and loudly cry
With that awed Roman who stood by
His cross, and watched our Saviour die :

This was the Son of God indeed !
And crying, clasp these palms which bleed,
And clasping, make this Man thy creed.

Sacer Jesu, Care Christe,
Ad me expirantem siste
Quandounque tempus triste
Feret cito mortem sævum ;

Da in nocte mihi lucem
Tu, qui, moriens in crucem
Adjutavit furem trucem
Dedit pacemque in ævum.

AFTER CULLODEN.

Oh ! what is there left for a beggared lord,
But to wander abroad into Germanie,
And hire out his sire's and his own broad-sword,
In the alien wars of the low countrie ?

Oh ! what is there left for a Scottish Knight,
Whose only fault was faith to his King,
But to go where he'll yet wear the cockade white,
But safely the lilts of his leal land sing ?

Oh ! what is there left for a landless Earl,
But to leave possession of moor and fell,
Of wood full sweet with whistle of the merle,
And exiled abide by the Rhine or Moselle ?

Last ! what is there left for the last of his line,
But to say to his blade—be a bride to me,
And I'll deck thee, dear, with gems that shall shine,
When we smite in the fight of the low countrie

JAN., 1874.



ESSAYS.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A STUDY OF SAINT PAUL.

THE actions, utterances, and indeed every event of a life which has been altogether an earnest one, in whatsoever time, clime, or conditions, are indispensable elements to be gravely considered and accurately appraised ere attempting an analysis or estimate of character. But these elements must be matters of fact. It is granted that fictitious narratives which result from an imagination that is not morbid, may serve to point a moral, and illustrate ethics. Yet such are always inferior in their practical and personal efficiency to the realities of actual occurrences. They are but the lay figures, dead under the disguise of their garments, never ruffling a fold of their raiment by the agitation of a heart. They are

artificial blooms delicately constructed, and the colouring thereof copied from natural tints and tones, but lacking the pure freshness and perfume of dew-wet violets, whose rich petals have unclosed into the harmony of contour and colour, under the opening of the eyelids of the morning. Fiction's heroes and their works merely excite ephemeral emotions, or become capable of intellectual apprehension only. To influence us we need the active outline of true existence, coping with circumstances similar to our own, engaged in the common warfare and smiting not shadows, but substances. We cannot edit impossible things; the abstract is too absolute for us, and such frigid abstractions as Arthur or Galahad are æsthetical shadows moving stately through the culture and calm of the English Laureate's verse. Hence the highest example for imitation is the life of Jesus. He had no immunity from contact with earthly relations, because Divinity was resident in His person. He evaded no obligation of the Law He did magnify by obedience, nor escaped any sorrowful fact. He, entering into His part of the Covenant, became exemplar as well as atonement. When God's own and only Son wrought out redemption for us, when He localized infinite love, commended in period and place His Divine compassion, and individualized His affection by incarnation, He at the same time, by sounding human experiences, illustrated and embellished His wonderful manifestations of grace. If alien to the forlorn humanities, I find no comfort, no stimulus, no model in the mi-

rage-like appearances of romance, even should such be the creations of genius itself. Therefore philosophers are but partially right in generalizations of principles alone from history. The force of history shall be abridged, its range limited, its application made vague and less valuable, unless the kingly personalities, the energetic outcome of characteristic *men* are taken into account. It is preferable to err in regarding the world's chronicles to consist in the deeds of men, great for good or evil. Like the celestial scenery of various and myriad stars and planets, remote from or nigh to the sun, the warriors, monarchs, legislators, artists, poets, sages, saints, martyrs, &c., make history. We are quickened to fuller exercise of functions or faculties, not by forms of which man is author, as the Greek fashioned his frigid, pulseless, passionless divinities of marble—the repose of thought in stone—the translations of cultured concepts into fixed matter—but, by flesh and blood creations of God—by men of like passions with ourselves. And he walks or talks well who elevates the vision of his soul to the altitude of an ideal in the being of a high heart, opposed stoutly to obstacles intervening between end and means, so making inexorable intentions flower in profession, and arrive at fruition in action. A competitive comparison of ourselves with equals or inferiors begets Pharisaism, issues in languid and ignoble contentment, or contracts into the miserable circle of complacent self-conceit. To refer again to the unique living of Christ, which was the overture to that unpar-

alleled passion of His, we discover that saintly experience endorses the emphasis which is laid on the sacrifice He gave even when living. This record of how He paced Palestine, weary, hungry, lonely and soul-troubled, is in *italics*. So, each believer assuming the cross must look unto Him that he may look up and out of Himself, and daily mark the diminishing distance and peruse the lineaments of His face, and register how far short he has come of the measure of the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

I purpose making a slight contribution to your religious musings by no elaborate or exhaustive study, but by some views of one, a hero in history, who seems to me the noblest, bravest, truest and meekest man after Christ, that had filled in the details of a service—the most exacting required of mere man—by piety and perseverance. Certainly the magnitude, difficulties and momentous interests of Paul's work have never been excelled.

Because, on this wandering Jew was imposed the arduous and onerous task of opposing the foolishness of the Cross to the civilization and military might of Europe. Because, by the will of Christ, this Pharisee of Tarsus, emancipated into the fulness of the Gospel, was a debtor to the desire of nations hungering for spiritual satisfaction they could not obtain from mute and motionless idols, the epics of an antique age, the lyrics of a loose socialism, the icicle-like ideas of Plato, or the chorus of their priests' apostrophes to Olympus. Because Paul,

chosen anterior to birth itself, and commissioned to carry the significant and subduing emblem of the Redeemer's voluntary votive offering for sin, into the centres of sin, power and luxury, answered the summons immediately and entirely ; striking the key note of his mission in the memorable demand, "What wilt Thou have me to do"—his duty and desire to accomplish it have never been equalled ; yet he arose promptly at the bidding of the Lord, and went whither he was sent, nor ever failed in faithfulness, nor omitted an item of obedience, nor ever lingered with reluctant feet shunning the path projected by his Master. Not at any time after confessing allegiance to Christ in that singularly earnest life, did he doubt the success of his quest, nor let the sword-arm hang idly through weakness or inaction, but by travail of soul and body became ambassador to the Pagan world, bearing the sweet solicitations of that good-will towards men, whose heart-pulsations throb in the Christ-story of a penitent prodigal folded fondly to the beating heart of God.

First. A brief epitome of the qualities which made this man able for the undertaking committed to his custody by the grace and choice of Jesus.

God, without weakening His eternal purposes, or limiting His action to the option, ability and opportunity of His creatures, selects His instruments with definite reference to the nature of their employment. He can consecrate the weak words of a little child like the darling

whose head nestles in your embracing arms, and in the voicing of praise from such seemingly insignificant source, cause it to become consonant with the new song of the ransomed ministrant before the throne. Nevertheless while it stands sure that He can dispense with every human advantage, and work to the far-off divine event by neither wise, mighty, nor noble of the earth, yet He sanctifies the gifts, and genius, and differing temperaments of His servants, to specialties, whose requirements correspond to the agencies applied.

The preparations and innate methods of Moses are not useless in leading the Hebrews and legislating for them. David, disciplined by profound trust in God when he fled to the waterless regions of the wilderness from the jealousy of that gigantic madman Saul, makes a truer king on his ascension. It is to Jeremiah, full of tender sensibilities, that the burden of lifting a lament for the desolate daughter of Zion is appointed in the arrangements of the Divine economy. Isaiah's eagle-winged intellect fits him to sing out the majesty of that Jesus, to the brightness of whose rising, guided by the glow of a strange star, kings came eastward as earnest of a complete heathen heritage. John, whose affectionate sympathy borrowed love from leaning on the bosom of the Saviour, could the better, because of such close contact, view and translate by fine figures, the glories of a love-ransomed church whose final foundation is supremely emblamed by the amethyst. Luther, of the many-sided

mind, inducts the Reformation. Knox, simply severe, crystallizes the fluent ideas on faith into a creed, and is for his time and place none the worse workman for being rigid enough, after rowing French galleys, to organize a church on justification by grace. And Wesley's fervour and devotion vitalize and animate forms of faith, waken drowsy mother England to an attitude like that she bore when she gave God tribute in the flaming testimonies of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer of the red right-hand.

So in Paul, sincere, learned, loving, expedient, whole-hearted and guiltless of a disposition to selfish or inglorious ease, Christ had a workman suitable, and Europe a wanderer willing to be spent in her service. Who fails to discover in the great Apostle of Tarsus, in his discursive intellect, in his keen dialectics, in his philosophic training, the man well-equipped and armed to dispute with Stoic and Epicurean at Athens, who should teach the early church how she should take the west for her inheritance. Nor less was he the man who by the past struggles of his inner life, and the consequent fulness and power with which he wrought out the way of our justification, should become the spiritual forefather of Augustine, and Luther, and many noble souls—of all them who have wrought out for us with the sense of personal guilt, the sense also of personal deliverance—the consciousness of a personal standing of each one of us before God.

An Hellenistic Jew, born in no mean city, instructed in the current literature and able to employ the Greek tongue with elegance and affluence, by birth-right and education, Paul was enabled untrammelled to contend for Christ before kings and worldly-wise men. Though he escaped not suffering thereby, yet his Roman citizenship established a right on his part to throw the responsibility of wrong or injustice done to him on the executive ability of the Empire. This "*Civis Romanus Sum*" the *Sesame* which opened the brazen doors of Latin legislation to the poorest, surely sent him to the mistress of the world, an appellant unto Cæsar. His liberal culture, his knowledge of classic authors, his familiarity with the drift and baleful beauty of a false philosophy claiming right to the regency of the soul, were auxiliary aids he did not despise to use when occasion offered. Able to construct a massive argument in proving Christ to be the High Priest of our profession, and the virtue of His infinitely availing offering, when he wrote to the Hebrew Christians; opening contrasts parallel in externals between the ceremonial law with its spiritual meaning and the Messiah; dealing with these subjects of the former economy, in language and sentiment sympathetic with the Jewish mind; he was also capable of presenting the same sacrifice to the Gentiles in commendable words and ways, and by happy adaptation to their comprehension. Therefore what might appear the unimportant, or even accidental circumstances of birth-place, and the facility with which he could use a

logical, liberal mind, were favourable for the furtherance of his aim. He could thus occupy an impartial position to Jew and Gentile, and with both hands lead those who had been divided by a middle wall of partition, to that ample atonement who made both one by His cross.

Further, his earnest study of Judaism under a distinguished teacher—his devotion to it—his pride in the manifold glories, ritual, promises, and the diverse details of the principles and practice of the Jewish religion, and in short his thorough knowledge of his nation, whose social and spiritual eventful existence were interwoven, gave Paul an additional factor in the sum of his resources. Hence, his repudiation of beggarly elements as equal to the blood of Christ, off his conversion, could not be charged on him as the fickle or capricious desertion of tenets imperfectly understood and so rarely practised that they wrenched no fibre of feeling in detaching the tendrils of careless consent. The student life at Jerusalem gave him a just appreciation of Israel's religious thought and the relation of the Law to Christ. Having spiritually discerned Jesus, he was able in advocating the Gentiles' cause to show, by clear statements of doctrine, the central position of our Lord to every one that believeth. Such training in world's lore and revealed knowledge, such two-fold tuition did adequately adjust, effectively apply, and equally distribute, the hale energies of a naturally strong and brilliant mind, renewed by the marvellous manner of gracious compassion. The peculiarly catholic charity of Paul, a bles-

sing contemporary with his conversion, made him early perceive that one touch of fallen nature kins the world, and that therefore the gospel of Jesus refuses to be begirt by the encircling sea, desert, river and hills, but overflowing these barriers like sunshine itself, poure mellow radiance on other lands. He found the bulk of the Jewish bigotry measurable by his faculties, for it was finite ; but the height, depth, length and breadth of God's mystery were infinite, so he reverently accepts the fact by faith, and enunciates the universal and unvarying truth that to Him who loathes sin but yearns over the sinner, who does not endorse the arbitrary distinctions of nationalities, and classes, and caste, who, while committing the holy oracles to the Jews, and honourably electing them to the seclusion and theocracy of the Holy Land, did yet in the compact of the covenant promise the isles and the uttermost parts of the earth to the Captain of Salvation. John and Paul, complements of the same circle, saw eye to eye, as respects circumference and constituents of Christ's church, a great multitude whom no man could number. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, Barbarian nor Scythian ; this was the cardinal point of the subjects of a realized and imputed righteousness to Paul, and led his unwearied footsteps into the lands of the Gentiles.

We must be rapid however in this resumé of the man's qualifications. He possessed that power, to be coveted, of reducing reflection and action to the compass of a solid idea. He was no theorist, an empiric taking stock in

Utopian schemes—or building what Goethe's child friend, Bettine von Arnheim, calls Bohemian villages. His metaphors themselves had a relative reality to his sufferings ; and the figures of a good fight, a race-course, a crucifixion of the old man, have a touching side when we remember that, materially as well as spiritually, these oriental images were real. He, being convinced of his Master's selection, and his mission's ultimate victory, with a singleness of heart and positive purpose, took the harshest, meanest, most appalling phase of Jesus' work—the dying on the Cross—and glorying in that only, held it high as the symbol and exponent of the power of God and the wisdom of God. He determined (remark the strength of that verb) to know nothing among men but a crucified Christ. As the mariner keeping watch at midnight on the tropical seas of the Pacific, with flashing, phosphorescent waves under keel, beholds with awed eyes the heavens, over-mast, bright with the glow of the great Southern Cross ; so to Paul above, in the clear concavity, refined from every atom of misty doubt, there shone large and lofty the Cross : for, as the isolated shining of each separate star merges into the mass of effulgence in the cross constellation's form, each virtue of the Gospel, though complete in itself, is associated and incorporated with the unity of that atonement whose sign is a tree of crucifixion infamous and accursed to carnal vision, but the fairest fruit-bearer, the very tree of life to a sinner saved like the malefactor who entered Para-

dise celestial that day with Christ—a specimen to the occupants of His illimitable and efficacious sacrifice.

And further, in this rounded character we have in fine balance those motive forces of the mind and volition, with which men in the lesser gains of scholarship, civilization, science, &c., achieve triumphs. An imagination that, like the stained oriel window of a cathedral, transformed the white light in its transit into warm gules, and azures, and purples, and gold, whereby men inferred the beauty of holiness through medium and mode. An invincible moral heroism, an undaunted valour which leaped elastic from the pressure of temporary defeat, to scale the very parapets of victory, and plant the Cross in the citadels of Satan. A shrewd knowledge of human nature, a tenderness in handling venerable memories, a carelessness of reproach, a cool, sustained attitude, an incisive, fervent eloquence, a poetic grandeur that breaks out in the jubilant strophes he chaunts over such mournful things as death and the grave, a high sense of honour, a gentlemanly demeanour shaming the blatant bigot, or the imbecile aping of aristocracy, by those who babble about blood and birth, and would faint at the vulgar association of manual or mental labour with their names; a chivalrous courtesy resembling the archangel Michael's, a rare union of subtle reasoning without sophistry, tenacity without sullen doggedness, and versatility without smattering—these fitly framed together, working noiselessly like the easy energy of well-regulated mechanism,

brought out the angles of his life like the sharp lines of the Pyramid in bold relief against the intense sky of Egypt. Not fitful but permanent, he concentrated these innate and acquired gifts on the object of his life. Possessing the delegated power of God, he economized every force and wasted no word in padding or platitude—was too much in earnest to juggle with idle rhetorical utterances, or to mar the symmetry of his subjects by the barbaric ornaments of a sounding oratory. It was, in consideration of the claims of Jesus and the debt due to the Gentiles, with him as with French nobles in a wretched epoch of an unhappy country, "*noblesse oblige.*" Under obligations to more than honour, ever disdaining duplicity while the breadth of his views allowed expediency, dignified because unanxious about earthly elevation, trustful, and faithful to trust, this wandering Jew stands in intellectual outfit, in moral courage, in modest exhibition of self, in child-like confidence in the clemency of God, a colossal figure in all history, nobler than others, mightier than Cæsars, and having the saintly aureole of Apostolic function beaming above him, and draped in the softest, sweetest amenities of that New Testament of Love, whereof Christ was the finished illustration and the only Executor.

And in the drama of his life, its scenery shifting more rapidly from place to place than the incidents in Shakespeare's masterpiece, there were the vicissitudes of empires, the anarchy of thought, the twilight of the gods, the de-

cay of the worship of the beautiful, the sight of the East immersed in the brooding shadows of her sadness, the cry of the West with Rome feeling the numbness of approaching national dissolution in the extremities, ultimate Britain and colonies of Gaul, together with the keen grief of Greece tyrannized over by the legions of the masters of Europe and Asia, and broken-hearted because sceptical of her Pallas, her Apollo, and Leus.

What a magnificent back-ground to this single power of the cross-carrier !

Glance once more at the man. By grace "I am what I am," he said. Yea, grace changed him from Saul, the keeper of the garments of "Stephen's merciless murderers," to Paul, apparelled in the raiment of Christ, and out of the persecutor brought forth the preacher. Grace took his zeal, his soul, his fine impulses, independent action, oneness of intention, and set him forth as the right hand man of Christ, by whom the warriors of the Faith keep step, march, and wheel into line, their individual forces as a collective company in antagonism with self-sin and a world lying in great wickedness. As the stalwart son of Kish towered in stature above his people, so this Benjamite of Tarsus lifts himself high in the mission of Christ by gradations of grace and power. He braced himself for the race of God, and ran his course ; and when the exceeding great army stands before the white throne, in the innumerable ranks, passing the approving presence of the Captain of Salvation, every perfected heart shall

quiver to a spasm of spiritual delight, when he shall cast his jewelled crown at the feet of Christ, and the Lord, beholding with serene eyes the bending form of this faithful fervent servant, shall utter the benediction, "Well done, my servant, my saint, my soldier-priest, my Paul!"

Second. The nature and extent of the work of Paul—the application of his intellectual and spiritual endowments to the heathen world. I do not distort the character in regarding him by virtue of ability and God's election as the Gentile Apostle preeminently; his heart's desire was that Israel might be saved. Nay, he has expressed himself in a most natural form of self-abnegation concerning his brethren according to the flesh, and I for one have no hesitation in accepting these words literally and not subject to theological interpretation, "I could wish myself accursed for my brethren's sake." Yet, although yearning and agonized over the stubborn refusal of Christ on the part of Israel, tho' painstakingly expounding, in that splendid epistle, the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus, and His identity in atonement with the Lamb slain from the foundations, his great life issues hang on the heathen. The Pauline and Petrine fields of labour had special workers in God's husbandry. It is not easy in so slight and popular a retrospect of history, which forbids us to descend into details, to understand the position Europe and Asia Minor occupied with respect to the desire of all nations. Therefore only outlines, and these but in pale pencilings.

Again, to follow the steps of Paul in his missions would be little more than a bare tracing of topography. Therefore only certain places which appear to me the chief peaks of his experience.

We marvel at the immense idea entertained by the first Napoleon. He endeavoured to copy the Macedonian Alexander. He hugged to his heart the possibility of subjugating Europe from the Euxine to the narrow seas. And half our surprise at the Corsican's deeds arises from the fact that he realized so much of his passion and published the first volume of Cæsarism, in the record of many and mighty victories. Yet this idea and partial execution of it are not comparable with Paul's purpose and labours. For the dominion obtained by arms over others is not equal, nor is like in nature, to the victory over self, sin, Satan. Morally Europe was in fetters, chained to a rock like her agony-wrung Prometheus, and to enfranchise Europe, to organize, establish, edify, to bring down haughtiness of heart to humility, and crown Christ king, were involved in Paul's expansive idea. On the second missionary journey, guided by the limitations of the Spirit, and turned from his wish to visit the place where arose in after days the seven churches of Asia Minor, Paul came to Troas. Here on classic ground, East and West had fought round tall Troy-town, and gave subject matter for the wonderful epic which was rolled time-ward in these lines we read still—the billowy hexametres of Homer—breaking wave-like in volume and

voice on the shores of the present. Did the images and ideas of that old contention come to the cultured Jew, doubtless familiar with the Iliad that Pisistratus had collected—did he in fancy see crest-tossing Hector, arrogant Agamemnon, and wrathful Achilles? Howsoever this be, he had a vision, not the unsubstantial exhalation of imagination taking form, but a Macedonian man with a confession of defeat, with a cry out of utter impotency, "Come over and help us." In the night tide, and mayhap when the wandering Apostle was reflecting on the mysterious future to which God beckoned him, the purpose of God was manifest in this form and cry, this impassioned appeal of the Pagan to the preacher. I remark here that the man of Macedonia was a comprehensive representative of Roman and Greek, for this north section of Greece was a conquered and colonized portion of the Roman Empire. So in that cry, the western world—its elements reconciled in the common absence of principles of rectitude—entreated the East for light like the sorely beset Ajax. This incident was the hinge on which the great gate of Europe swung open to admit the Lord of all. Thus Paul was called from the general to the special work, and by the portico of Philippi he entered into the idol-temple thronged with heart-sick votaries. Classic heathenism in its Greek side was a form of history, on the development of which its existence was ended. It converged through centuries to a point, and that point was worn-out beauty-worship. It rew like some

noxious plant, with great and deeply-dyed blossoms, in the fertile soil of the years, but when the rain ruined, and the wind wasted the flowers, it had no glory. It was unlike Judaism, inasmuch as this, in development, burst out into Christ with Jewish faith. There was a divergence from the point and place of the Fall when the promise was made and the lines as they were prolonged through ceremony, sacrifice, promise and prophecy, reached Christ in the fulness of time, and past His cross, and pass us to-night, and at length embrace eternity. With the Greek, there was in its fairest natural perfection, a development of the earthly life and beauty. Borne on by youthful energies, and a spirit of refinement, under a fair sky and on a fair land, directed by a clear understanding, it received high lustre and distinctness from a state of art which gave utterance to what is beyond expression, and proclaimed the reconciliation of outward beauty with inward nature. Even when it draped nature in her darkest garb, or in her utmost nakedness, it preserved a chaste moderation. But this is all that can be said of it. Greece had no faith in pure spirituality. For her cult debased men's minds ; its impure morals were a national stain. The Grecian mythology merely reflected the life of man in the Gods. They were sensual, revengeful, limited even to Fate. They were possessed of sex, and were represented as coming to earth for evil purposes. I find some who, to crush Christ, and make His cause and its growth only one of the "social forces,"

saying that the descent of God to earth is not novel, that it is to be found in the avatars of Brahm and incarnations of Leus and Aphroditè. But such forget that the pith of the Greek idea is, that the dwellers in Olympus only intervened in the affairs of mortals, and walked the earth to gratify bestial, sensual, selfish passions. You will not find that they came to suffer for man. They were remote, independent, apart from man—"On the hills, like Gods, together careless of mankind." Our God came to suffer, to wound His hands and head, to break His heart, and offer His soul for our sins. I am not competent to give an approximate value of the philosophy of the time we speak of. I know it is the fashion to dogmatize about Plato, after reading some scraps of him in translation. I have heard glib estimates of Coleridge, a man of fragmentary philosophy, the wonder and mystery to himself, but I can but take ground on this—the Socratic and Platonic methods and researches left man hopeless and most miserable. The philosophy of Greece could not elevate man morally. It was as the ghosts of Ossian, nebulous forms through which the ultimate stars dim-twinkled. It was the fleet cohorts of the ever shifting aurora in the Polar six-months' night, during the absence of the sun. Weary at the cisterns which could hold no water, having reached the terrible crisis of national life, when a sense of moral amenability to some undefined superior Power yearned after a revelation of Him, and a sure hope of the Beyond—Greece was more woful than

captive Juda under the palms, more tortured, because more intellectually exhausted, than the daughter of Moab, like a wandering bird cast out of the nest by the fords of Arnon. What a desolate ceremony was the entombing of a corpse in such circumstances. Life was buried forever to the heathen in the grave, and no words can reproduce the still, sad music of humanity which arose by the narrow houses of the dead. Athens, mother of heroes, orators, sculptors, philosophers, poets, and dramatists, had not that attachment to eternity which secures to the humblest disciple of Christ an immortal name and felicity. Her unaided effort in devising the beatific residence of her famous, only succeeded in anchoring the Fortunate isles in weltering wastes of the western seas. Her religion, such as it was, fainted and fell at the tomb of her hopes, and with failing hand graved the epitaph of her memorial stone on the altar Paul saw, "To the unknown God." But this proved that there was a diffused desire for a Deliverer. Is it too startling to hazard the remark, that a gravitation of lesser to greater drew the Pagan world nearer to Christ, as He came nearer in the fulfilment of promise and prophecy; and that when He did come—when all was ready for the sacrifice, the desire attracted an unsatisfied world towards Him. The general idea of sacrifice, the intuitive apprehension of moral responsibility, the constitution of the soul, however debased by actual and original sin, still, sensitive and trembling like Felix at the conviction

of conscience, the dread of looming realities of eternity—were the traces of God in the heathen world. They shattered the mirror which reflected the revealed Jehovah, and had but partial glimpses of His power, goodness, and truth ; nor were they able to divine His unity from these morsels of truth. The heathen groped in night and dawning ; and, to the thoughtful reader of ancient literature, a yearning after the true is very manifest. Remember, I do not say that in man fallen there was power to originate, continue, or complete faith in Christ the Son of God ; but surely human nature abhorred the vacuum of the soul, and so sought for the desire of all nations in its blind, blundering, sorrowful, erring way. I find a fine meaning in the word “ presence.” His presence, the eternal word made flesh by invisible influence, uplifted eyes wet with weeping, and caused at length the Roman and Greek to re-echo the centurion’s cry, who stood by the Cross and witnessed the divine dying, “ Truly this man was the Son of God.” Mythology, interesting only to credulous children or illiterate, worship obsolete, philosophy an apple of Sodom, life a restless interval between cradle and coffin—these things being so, do you marvel that humanity, cultivating to the utmost the capacity of thought, and forced to confess barren results, bitter mockeries that added sorrow to sorrow, cried out for help, and waited the advent of the God who should solve the problems of existence and gladden with sun-rays ? Of Rome it needs only be said, she was the ideal of physical power,

Since her Julius, the Empire was sceptical of all save the sword. Pilate is her index, and she haughtily asked "What is truth?" Visible, tangible, audible must be her facts, hence she never was profoundly religious, and in Paul's time the Pantheon proclaimed her easy indifference to any cult. Had Christ been cast in bronze, wrought in ivory, or imaged as He is to-day in the seven-hilled city, His niche would have awaited Him in the silent senate of the Gods of every land that peopled the Pantheon. She was suckled by a wolf, she laid the foundations of her capital in fratricide, her vigour was for war, and the eagles of her empire with bloody beak swooped on the quarry. But glutted with conquest, it became her curse. She imported the various luxurious habits, and practised the vices of her conquered kingdoms. She exhausted art in devising new pleasures and inventing iniquity. Unconcerned, deeming herself incapable of being hurled headlong from the high place of power, she did not perceive that the grey wolves of the Goths were gradually organizing an overwhelming advance. The Roman living for power had fared like the Grecian living for culture, both, reaching the acme, the beginning of the end came. So that the iron energy of the Empire had relaxed when Paul left Troy, and I may say that every principle of Gentilism was effete. I know not a more admirable epitome of Christless culture and Christless power, than is to be found in the histories of these two nations of antiquity. They did all, arrived at all we can perform and attain to

without the Gospel. That is to say, that Constantinople, Paris, London, and New York, in so far as they have Christ subtracted from masses of their populations, are like the heathen of by-gone centuries, having no hope, and without God in this world. To this unhappy condition of men with undying souls, Paul came quickly. The description in the Acts of the voyage to Philippi is full of verbiage and suggests the ready response of Paul to the Macedonian entreaty. At length the prelude was over, the weeks of purification were past, and this devoted priest was to engage in the services of European missions. When that ship stood out for the irregular and menacing coast of the western land, it doubtless did not disturb any of the activity among men. No pomp or circumstance of splendour, no tone of trumpet, no unfurling of banners, heralded the departure of the Apostle from the classic region of the Troad. The world swung on thro' space, with its weight and freight of sin, sorrow, and millions of mortals. But that frail ship carried more than Cæsar and the fortunes of him—it bore Paul, a mightier than Julius, to establish an empire ampler than Rome's, yea, to organize centres of Christian faith and practice which should unseat the mistress of the World, and elevate the arisen Redeemer to the eternal supremacy of souls confederated in one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all—a small, quiet, unostentatious imitation of so majestic an enterprise. So, when Speke stood by the source of the Nile which had long hid the weakness of its infan-

cy from the curious, he was moved to tears of joy at the spectacle of a tiny stream. The rude African wondered in his savage way at this emotional exhibition. He had not the joy of discovery, the gains to science, the gratification to personal search afforded by this issuing of slender silent water. And the source of the Gospel in Europe was seemingly trivial, but God's angels saw there in the Wandering Jew, the beginning of a great river of righteousness broader, deeper, purer than the Nile, and Heaven rang with the acclamations of angels, foreseeing that from this event, starting itself in the historical horizon as suddenly and silently as a star in the mellow calms of twilight, many souls should be saved. Ay ! the coming of Christ himself, was wondrously feeble, humanly speaking, and hence, the majestic organ-harmony of the Miltonic muse hath it——

“Thou wast born of woman ; Thou didst come,
O Holiest, to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread, omnipotent array,
And not by thunder strewed
Was Thy tempestuous road,
Nor indignation burned before Thee on Thy way !
But Thee a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest,
From off her virgin breast.

“The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stooped their lamps the enthronèd fires on high ;
A single, silent star

Came wandering from afar
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky ;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their odours sweet
Before Thy infant feet."

The celebrated sophistry of Gibbon, who endeavoured to account for the quick triumphs of Christianity, and its speedy elevation and extension, by causes and means depending on secondary or fortunate agencies, does not now disturb the serenity of Faith. To a certain extent the state of Greece and Rome, already imperfectly summed up, and the aptitude of this pioneer Paul for his work, did combine for, and not against, the introduction of Christianity into Europe. The disappointment in all hearts, experienced from the practice of hollow forms, at least aroused men from stagnant reveries, wherein the only glimmer was the glamour of a far-back Golden Age. Men were alert. "What of the night ?" was the importunate question on all lips. And indeed, although opened only to the presence of night-darkness made visible, yet this is well, is an anticipation, an expectation, a pre-disposition, a preparation as needful as that the rubbish of the ruins be cleared away, ere the new foundation stone be laid. Nor was this all. What we might call the temporal and physical conditions of the world, were not adverse to the carrying of the cross East and West. Rome was not battling for existence, increase, or supremacy. There was a coherence in her different states,

a unity of the Empire, brought about chiefly : First—By clemency and concessions as respects what Infidel Rome considered not worthy the dignity of her anger and extermination, viz., religion and social observances. Second—By the presence of her legions in the lands of the subjugated. And Third—By making the meanest nation or individual that affiliated themselves, share in the Roman citizenship, a boon inadequately understood by us even though loyal to Britain, and proud of the dear, old mother-land of us all. For Rome was no proselytizer, and she understood well that the empire is peace only when the living symbols of strength, her soldiers, were everywhere. Indeed from a recent reading of the Latin authors who deal with the historical side of Rome, I imagine the metropolis of that vast ancient Empire, was the worst garrisoned in the first century ; that the camps of Chester were stronger centres of military force than Rome. Also, along with this consolidation, there was a favourable fact for the spread of Christ's religion which has been repeatedly insisted upon. From Rome as a centre there issued these magnificent roads, fragments of which still have the ring of metal to horse-hoofs on the hither side of the Danube to this day. These splendid and substantial constructions stretched in all directions, connecting by unbroken links distant cities with each other, and the central point of the power which devised them. Little deemed they who builded and metalled these ways, that they served Christ. When Paul entered

Rome it was by a road enriched by associations of nigh four centuries' chronicles, and his sandalled feet, wearily pacing this notable highway, were the advent of a conqueror, who, though not greeted by the ovation that had accompanied others coming glorious from Gaul or Judea, was girt by the invisible, ineffable guards of God. When the bishops came at Constantine's command to crush the Arian heresy, they travelled by these same Roman ways. So there were assistances to the spread of the Gospel, apart from its native, prevailing power, while we do well to remember that these were also the ordinance of Him, who makes the very wrath of man praise and serve Him. And yet the work was appallingly immense, these advantages notwithstanding. Because it was with the nations as with the sinner, the simplicity, the foolishness of the Gospel makes Reason recoil. And Reason precedes Faith. Every one will at once see, that opposed to all this culture, civilization, and power, Christ crucified was the antithesis of what men associated with power, wisdom, regeneration, and complete restoration, "Are not Abana and Pharpar," &c. Yet, valorous and depending on the inherent virtue of the Gospel, Paul was not ashamed to enter Europe with no poem, philosophy, policy, or what appeals to carnal appreciation, but with a cross. As I have said before, we cannot follow the tortuous wanderings of Paul. But they meant to him physical fatigue, danger, shipwreck, maltreatment, and at length, death. The wanderings of

the great Apostle covered a space of time and place, we feebly infer from the red lines of biblical maps. With few facilities of travel, he literally realized the primitive teachers that Isaiah saw when he said, "How beautiful," &c., and yet with all the weariness and misery, what joy he had. How sunshiny his general habit of mind. Oh ! man, not perfect truly, yet so sedulous in the conquering of self, how hard, how barren of domestic delights and "home" ways, thy life, constant but in departures from place to place, familiar with the griefs of farewells, thy life was yet happy, and to thee—to thee, O wanderer, there was a reward beyond, and thy soul rejoiced in the anticipations of a permanent rest in the Father's home.

The characteristic mode of Paul in preaching to the Pagan, not disciplined like the Jew by Law and Religion, may be found in his Athenian and Corinthian experiences. In the former we find his spoken, and in the latter his written word. The impelling force of ideas is a truth that must never be absent from our philosophy of history. The world under the administration of Providence, by means of subordinate agencies, is controlled by Force or Faith. Now Paul made the idea of the Gospel impinge on Europe. He had neither the signs nor substance of worldly power. Belief in the native resident force of the Gospel—its own energy—was this man's single trust. So he was but the hand of the sower distributing the seed, and you find him constantly deprecating the

thought, that such extraneous circumstances of time, place, person or manner, abridged the fulness of the living word's intrinsic value. Paul furnished the facts to which credence was asked, he did not reason about their abstract order or essence ; he *shewed* the mysteries, and having cast the seed into the furrows, committed it to the demonstration of the Spirit, that invisible but effectual applier of the atonement. This was all his practice. How simple the method, but how faithful. God makes me ambassador. I carry the message and pray for the Divine power to root and fructify his own word. Therefore it was no marvel that the general reception of this Gospel at first would be merely to evoke disdain. Therefore it is not wonderful that on the one part men, glorying in the exercise of intellect and making reasonability the crucial test of value, and on the other part men, accustomed to use only physical strength in the attainment of their highest good, should despise the Cross and its Carrier. If the Jew, who surely should have inferred the conditions, import and aim of the mission of the Messiah, missed Jesus by the false expectation and humanly-devised idea of an earthly throne, and a power similar in nature but superior in degree to Imperialism, was it a wonder that the Pagan, devoid of revelation or ceremonial training, should err in their estimate of the King's son, the King's crown, the King's glory, the King's code, and the King's ambassadors bearing the King's message ? But the brave heart whose life is well

manifested by his own martial metaphors, was undaunted because of Faith. As a former Jew, looking upon the desolation of Zion, with the proportions of so great a task bulking themselves to his vision, said in confidence, "What art thou O great mountain, thou shalt become a plain," so Paul, not ignorant of his undertaking, perhaps of all men living contemporary with him alone capable of counting the cost, to assault Europe with the foolishness of preaching, did not falter nor flinch, but concentrated all of soul and body in the moral struggle.

Athens and Corinth are almost in antithesis, what Edinburgh is to Glasgow nearly, the former breathing an atmosphere of education, the latter commercial. It was at Athens that Paul found himself alone. Any one who has walked the famous streets of many a metropolis, must have suffered that inexpressible loneliness, that utter solitude which separates one from sympathy, participation in the ever intersecting interests and influences about him, and compels the confession that the Anchorite in the far desert, divided from kindly human speech and features, is not so much alone as a stranger in pacing London or New York. So the wayfarer for Christ's sake, may have been sensible of his lonely character while he waited for his companions at Athens. I am not going to inflict upon you any scenic description of this city, its treasures and situation. Paul on Mars Hill is a stock subject for display of sounding adjectives on the part of those who often make meaningless the simple

sublime verities of Scripture by verbiage. To this idol-hating Jew, whose blood boiled, whose soul was stirred at the evidences of idolatry, the most beautiful developments of form by Phidias, the gigantic statue of Pallas that flashed the sunrise from her shield held high above the ancient town, the innumerable array of dead divinities, were an insult to the theocracy and theology which assumed the spiritual, unlimited existence of Jehovah and his supreme kingship, not marred by the intervention of any human interpretation of power, far less of mere inert images. Though I think Paul in his wanderings must have been touched with the landscapes, the seascapes, the mountains, the rivers, and the forests, and soothed after by the fairness God designed, yet he could have no eyes for these idols, whose mutilated remains the world of art and superstition still worships. Knox no doubt has been called vandal, considered a sort of mediæval communist, because he sacrificed the Gothic grace of some cathedrals to principle. Cromwell melted the twelve silver Apostles into coin, that they might imitate their originals by going about doing good, and forsooth a diletante abuses him. Like Paul, these were causes of sin, whether is it more Christ-like to sigh over the destruction of mere matter however fairly moulded, or over the obliteration, nay destruction of an eternal soul, lost by being lured through such things to false form? It soon became known in Athens, where novelty, as in our own towns and days, was the topic of every

tongue, that a setter forth of strange Gods had arrived. The means whereby this information was derived, deserve a passing reference. The dismembered, denationalized Jews were to be found in all the cities and colonies. They were recognized and, for a reason too long to be given here, to a certain extent protected by the Rome power. Their communities were named "ghettos," where the conservative principles of their creed were carefully kept. These became Paul's fulcrum on which his lever worked. By right he went to the synagogue, and there introduced Christ, the element which ought not to have startled the Jews. This singular doctrine caused currency of opinion, and the Pagan became desirous of hearing it. On Areopagus, the Mars Hill, whose broad stairs whereon sit thoughtful heathen, whose mailed figure of Mars on a high pedestal, is suggestive of the uplifted and engrossing position of Paul—on Areopagus with the heart of Greece bare below him, the Apostle with an aptness, and eloquence, and elegance, rebuked sin and unveiled Christ as the Life. This to me seems the point of Paul's oration. A discovery of life in this pallid, rigid, frigid deathliness. Commencing with a practice which centuries before had struck the high key note, the national orators Philippians, he unerringly reaches the issue between his creed and the Athenians.

PATHOS.

IN the physical world, force controls. It holds the sea in check. It regulates the slow motions of the moon. It maintains the mountains in their mighty repose. It shapes the courses of the clouds and sets them sailing across the spaces of the sky like great ships going seaward. It scatters the sunshine. It sprinkles the snow, and raves in rain, and ruins in storm. It directs the alms-giving hand of Charity, and yet strikes out men's lives with the keen weapons of war. It spheres us with the thin bubble of existence, and surrounds us with the darkness of death. Everywhere there is force, and the results of it appeal to our senses each instant. Now in the world of mind there is also force which exhibits itself by various influences. There is love, which has power to level the walls which pride rears between the huts and halls, which daunts all danger, yea, which rises rapidly from disaster and dares death itself. There is joy, which smites the clashing cymbals and dances over the pleasant places of life, which, like a butterfly balanced on the ruddy bloom of a rose, is ever flying in the sweet hours of our goodly summer time. There is grief, that sits a moody guest in vacant hearts, that is muffled in a sable mantle, and who is loud in her cries when the might wears away slowly, and the white

wild face of the Past gazes on the features of the Present. There is anger, which hurls reason from her throne, and usurps the empire of the soul. There is imagination, soaring ever into sublime realms, holding converse with the dead of ages, and peering thro' the golden gates of God's glorious city. And there is Pathos, which makes us all more tender, more compassionate, more merciful. These are all the results of what we call in happy phrase, the force of character. In the social and religious planes of life, these moral or rather mental influences, are in constant action and reaction. They are as apparent as the physical forces, nay, my fancy suggests an analogy between them. For instance, the fire that is furious in the volcano is it not like the fierce mood of anger ? The dripping of the rain on Autumn nights, when the ghost of dead Summer goes desolate over the moors, and through the woods bereft of foliage, is it not a significant symbol of grief breaking its heart over loss. The vivid flash of lightning makes one think of splendid thoughts cleaving the gloom of ignorance. Well, it is of one of these spiritual forces that I would speak a little to-night. I had intended to deliver a lecture on Pathos and humour, but certain reasons caused me to omit the latter.

It may be worth while just to give my reason for at first associating these two different things. They constitute a capital sample of contrast, and by contrast characteristics are better brought out. The excellence of antithesis is visible in the peerless pictures painted by skilled hands

obedient to souls opulent with beauty, in the highest works of human genius, in the minute and mighty effects of nature, and audible in the wonderful music of great composers. Raphael, rapt in the exercise of his art, depicted revenge side by side with resignation. Angelo chiselled the sweet face of a nymph, and near it the haggard, uncomely countenance of a Bacchante. The flow of Beethoven's symphonies runs over undercurrents of grave, sad music. There are quick notes intermingling with the long drawn sighs of Mozart's Requiem, and sharp sounds pierce the dense moaning of the Dead March in Saul. Nature embosses grey crags with green moss, distributes the purple of heather on the mountains of Scotland, and drapes the submits and slopes of her Alps with snows. I never understood the natural effect of contrast, as when gazing on the awful ranges of the Bernese Alps from the Ile de Rousseau in Geneva. Milton sang of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. So I wished to contrast these two, and so find out their distinctive characters. But the circumstances of time have prevented my purpose. Still I reserve to myself the liberty of introducing humour to your notice as a sequence to this attempt at Pathos, should we ever stand and sit in the relation of lecturer, and lectured again. Meantime let me remind you that Pathos and Humour are not alien to each other. Genius often makes the extremes meet. They labour in different fields, but their lands are contiguous. They rule over different kingdoms, but they do not make war on each. As he is

reckoned the best orator who can make his audience smile and sigh in rapid sequence, so he is the highest example of genius who can make us feel by these two forces Pathos and Humour. This Shakespeare did. Working true to the laws of his being, unconcious of his ample power, this man has mirrored the complex features and various moods of mankind in his works. Shew me any creation of mere human thought like "Hamlet" and I shall show you the peer of Shakespeare. But he is alone in grandeur. We grow moist about the eyes reading his pathos, and we quiver with estatic delight over his humour. But let us look at the motive principle, the moral force which men term pathos.

To define Pathos is as difficult as to define Poetry, that is to say, it is impossible to furnish a comprehensive or complete definition. Can you analyze the elements of agony? Can you capture the subtle influence of a sigh by the links of language? Can one narrate in distinct sentences the feeling that fills the mind on seeing the leaves falling in the loud October winds? No. Hence we cannot fully utter the power, or pourtray the lineaments of Pathos. You must experience this passion, for it is a suffering as the word signifies. We get Pathos from the Greek, that treasury of language out of which we have taken so much tribute. Passion and Pathos have their origin in the same root. Pathos is that which, existing in poetry, prose, pictures, sculpture, music, natural scenery, and incidents of every day occurrence

in human life, stir the emotional part of our nature. It is not sorrow. For sorrow is often selfish. It resembles grief, as the mist resembles the rain. It lurks in the fictions of fancy, and lives in the bitterness of facts. 'Tis a certain ethereal influence which saddens the soul and yet soothes, as it is fabled the vampyre bat does to the body, sucks blood and keeps the wound cool by the fanning of its wings. Some minds covet Pathos just as others crave gold, they find a luxury of woe, and perceive much beauty in the greenery of graves and the drooping willow leaves. Nor are these chargeable with morbid minds nor culpable in the indulgence of reveries resulting from the pathetic. For the low breathing of flute-music translating into sounds the spirit of a song that keeps the sighs of a forlorn love, is surely delicious. Beside the sea-sand and the sea, have we not truer thoughts than in the brilliance and noise of a great company chasing the swift hours of night and morning with dances and delight. There is no limitation to the liberty of Pathos. She is the ghost of grief going hither and thither, and is free of the world. A refined sensibility looking at a mourner sitting sobbing beside a rigid, frigid form, swathed in the cerements of the tomb, is touched with the pathetic character of the scene. And the same person hearing the querulous notes of the bird bereft of her brood, finds in this pure pathos. Do you see now what a fine meaning is implied in that word sympathetic. Sympathy is not merely as we sometimes say, 'tis a

vibration in the chords of the heart keeping time to the palpitations of melancholy things. Poor Burns stood contemplating the ruin his ploughshare had wrought on the nest of a field mouse. Can't you imagine these fine eyes of his filling as he sings—

“That wee bit heap o’ leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou’s turn’d out for a’ thy trouble,
But house or hald.”

Pathos is not confined to the expressions of the learned. For the shepherds of Arcady, surrounding the place where Wapine lay buried by the saying of the simple phrase, “She hath been,” did surpass the elaborate elegies of poet and orator. Sentimental poetry contains pathos. By sentimental, I mean not the die-away and lack-a-daisical of those who rave in wretched rhymes concerning feelings they do not participate in. Such are counterfeit coin, not worth the counting. But there is a true, actual sentiment in poetry full of feeling, wherein noble natures have crystalized emotions. To read these is to raise a ripple on the surface of the soul, even as the level of a lake is ruffled with all its lilies, by a sighing night-wandering wind under the shining of stars. Impassioned odes have little pathos in their fervency and fluency. The heat dries the tears on the face of Pathos. Pindar, sudden and swift as the chariot wheels, of which he sings in such splendid strophes, blinds the eyes with Olympian dust, and does not touch the finer pulses of feeling like

his countryman *Æschylus*. Battle ballads have the blare of trumpets blowing through them, so the pity of pathos is drowned by the sonorous music of metal. It is in the less pretentious efforts of the bard that pathos is potent. I would not exchange a sonnet by Keats for the imperial outburst of Dryden's *Alexander's* feast. I admire the latter, but I love the former. The one is well-wrought, is a triumph of poetic art, but the other is so responsive to the unutterable longing of a soul hungry for rest, parched, and panting for the cool fountain of quietude. Before coming to our own masters of Pathos, let us just glance at the characteristics of foreign Pathos. France can point proudly to the names of Victor Hugo, Beranger, Lamartine and De Musset. Poor De Musset, I took off my hat by his tomb in Pere La Chaise, and thought how his sad life resembled his trustful songs. In prose and pulpit oratory, France has a host that moved the minds of her susceptible children. Let Goethe, Schiller, Richter and Heine form the galaxy of pathetic authors in Germany. It is enough to name, Petrarcha and Dante, to suggest that Italy's laurels are tear-wet. Roman writers had little pathos compared with the Greeks. The iron Latin language was as shackles to the limbs of feeling. She was crushed like Jarpeia under the weight of shields. The milk of the wolf that suckled Romulus did not nourish the pathetic, it made warriors, infusing into their blood the desire for blood. Yet they are not destitute; for being human, nothing human was altogether

alien to them. How I would like to revel in the pathos of Greece, mutilated and in fragments though it be, like the remains of her statues. But time tarries not while we remain in the Past. Let us look at the lands we love, and the literature we are proud of ; our pathos is most plentiful therein. Yet we will only name a few names ; in outline only sketching the national peculiarities. For who could select the best from an army of authors all decorated with honours and orders. The sturdy Saxon tongue is suitable for the expression of pathetic things. The rose of England is red as the heart of humanity, and when it sheds its petals in exquisite gems of feeling, a little child cries at hearing them read. Who hath not felt all the wrongs of Red Riding Hood, or the baleful fate of the Babes in the Woods. Perhaps it may provoke a smile, but to me the pure principle of pathos animates that story and that ballad whose authors are unknown. Consider Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dickens, Thackeray, the two Brownings ; are not these skilful users of this force we speak of. Think of Tennyson, Hemans, but what's the use of this mere nomenclature. English pathos is like the English nature, generous. It has a good fit of crying, but is too healthy to faint away into inanity. Its simplicity goes straight to the heart. It does not depend on the tricks of rhetoric, nor the artifices of oratory for success. A hushed voice and twilight suit it as circumstances aiding its enunciation. It clothes common place things with sombre raiments.

Here's a sample from Gentle Will, (Hamlet at the grave.) Scottish pathos again is undemonstrative. It contracts itself and lays a finger on its own pulses. Old bits of Border ballads, the loves of the lowly, the annals of the poor, give the words feeling force. Now, it is the death—song of a martyr, passing out of life slowly on the bleak hill-side, and the lonely cry of a startled plover, giving accompaniment to the faint singing of David's Psalm which the dying find so sweet. Anon, it is moan for the flowers of the Forest that were a' wede away in the fatal fight of Flodden. Now it is a broken heart pacing the banks and climbing the braes of Bonnie Doon, and grieved at the warble of the birds. And now, it is the croon of a mother lilting beside the spinning wheel and wondering where Jamie is the nicht. But however Pathos shows herself she is ever grave in Scotland. The language helps her greatly. What an amount of sorrow is crowded into this phrase "greetin' sair." The dialect may seem harsh, but it's fine, my friends, it has its colour. Is not the stern thistle crowned with purple, and so the speech of my darling land, though rough, is rich with bloom. How I have thrilled at hearing the few pathetic words a mother, parting with her son beside the husband's and father's grave, has spoken. The very poetry of pathos was in this, "My son let the thoct o' him who sleeps in the cauld mould, cheer and chide ye when I am no near ye. I'm sair at heart laddie, that ye maun leave me. God kens how dear ye are to me, but as it's His

will that ye gang far, trust in Him, dinna be downcast, and aye keep true." So the lad setting forth to seek his fortune, and wage a war for existence in the world, leaves the lonely woman standing by the simple tablet above her dead, but these few words in a hard speech shall never be effaced from his heart. May God bless these mothers, who crush back feeling, and send their sons forth thus. What though the language be sneered at by lisping gallants familiar with courtly phrase. 'Tis a noble language, the terse medium of conversation, the sweet expresser of song, the heart-raiser of her poor proud sons, and the syllables thereof seem to them a fitting garment for the pure spirit of Pathos. But come with me and I'll show you the sweetness of pathos, aye, and you shall hear it likewise. It's only a cabin this, in a sterile glen near Clonmel. There's nothing to attract the eye inside, yet enter. There's a man standing over a few embers that make a dull red glow in the gloom. These eyes of his are a little dim to-night, but don't you see a depth of pure feeling in them. He is thinking of somebody whose memory is as green as the shamrocks that shade her turf with their trefoil. "And ah! darlin'," he murmurs, "'tis yourself was the tender one truly. Sorrow the sad face ye ever showed me though it's dyin' ye were them long weeks and I strivin' to make both ends meet. Ye had ever the cheery word for me, though your sweet voice was very weak. But it's yourself that gained when I lost you. And there's no more toil for

you, dear. And there's no more care, Molly, for you. Nor cold, nor hunger, now, Love. Well it's myself that's glad at that, but my heart's so empty to-night, and the house is silent since your singing voice ceased." Ah, poor sad-hearted son of Erin, you come of a race whose history and habit are the most pathetic in the world. Though an Irishman were in rags he is yet the possessor of an inimitable power of pathos, a jewel of which he cannot be robbed. In Irish pathos there is a peculiar aroma more grateful than the perfume of flowers. Harken to an Irish orator, and you hear intense pathos. The emerald Island has given us Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and they modulated men's minds by the exercise of that rare faculty. Her sons of song touch the tenderest spots of our hearts. Had I been an Irishman, you would have heard something different on this subject to-night. I never kissed the stone called Blarney, but I tell you the pathos of Ireland has no parallel. It is unique. It haunts you, but it helps you. It has blessed the poor peasants and fishermen in their hard toil, by giving them better feelings though their bread be scanty. It has served to soften the heart of many stout soldiers warring well for St George's cross and Union Jack. It will be read and recorded in households, and no man need be ashamed to confess, that a genuine bit of Irish pathos has made his lips quiver and his eyes swim. I have no time to make selections now, but we know that Pathos is native in merry England, shaggy Scotland, and the

Isle which they call the sweetest gem of the sea ; that the lands we love are full of fine feeling.

Sitting sad and solitary as lonely lovely Ariadne by the wild tumult of the waves near Naxos, behold the abstract image of Pathos. Peerless in the pallor of her beauty, she sits hearkening to the hollow, heart-haunting cadence of the sea. Lo ! how long are the tangled tresses of her hair, and black as the ebon plumage of the raven. White as the foam that shivers in spasms at her feet, is her brow. But tears have weighed down the long-fringed eyelids, and we cannot now see the yearning and sorrow of her eyes. Her garments are damp with the dews of twilight and conform rigidly to her form as the motionless drapery of a statue shaped in marble, stainless as snow. She heeds not the dew-fall, for the tenderness of her tears are warm on her chill cheeks. With clasped, cold, chaste hands she bends forward, and rocking to and fro in unison with the curves of the waves, and the sonorous alternating chorus of the tempest-vexed ocean, clanging and calling round the cliffs and the sand, she gazes afar. To her the sea sings sad things, chaunts the *Miserere* of mortals in awful monotone, wakens the echoes of woful memories, and prophecies bitter things about to be. She hears its remorseful lamentation over the drowned who sank in the depths when death sowed lives like seed in the long furrows of the main. To her came floating the faint, forlorn wails of women waiting by island and headland for the return of dear hearts that were so true and

tender, but who shall never furl their rent sails in quiet havens. To her comes the wild shriek of orphaned children, longing with hungry hearts for the close clasp of paternal arms. To her, for all its remorse, the sea is crafty, cruel and heart-desolating. So she sits and weeps for the anguish of mankind that befall them in great storms, when ships are shattered, and souls beaten out of bruised bodies by the surges, and poor womanly hearts crushed and broken by overwhelming calamity. So with her sobbing, she echoes the cries of angry winds wakening the billows. So she moans over white faces of dead mariners, weeping eyes of wives, voices of comfortless children, vacant places beside hearths in households, and all the agony caused by the ocean. So she shivers in affright at the near and noiseless approach of night, knowing that the morning will discover sad spectacles, the fearful fragments of stout vessels ruined by wreck. But behold her again. Pacing a silent battle-field under pale moonlight, she moves, wan and worn, among the slain. There is silence now, where before was shouting and the noise of war. There is death and dying, where was life and action. There is yellow moonshine shining on broken blades where sunshine glittered on uplifted sabre and levelled bayonet. There is night where was morning, and a morning musical with baying of Havoc's bloodhounds, the black-mouthed dogs of war. And here Pathos holds a vigil, and her tears fall fast on the stark faces of murdered men. What a noble face this is over which she

stoops so long and is so loath to leave. Life was but in bud here, it had not blossomed into the petals of manhood. A fond mother taught these lips to say holy prayers lately. See now, they are livid as lead, and bitter through the torture of slow dying. A father clasped these hands for the last time, not long since, when his fair first-born went out to the wars far over the sea. Look, now they are clenched in the earth and bedabbled with blood. The cold midnight wind stirs the hair that was caressed by the palms of sisters. They may abide his return, but his feet shall never press familiar places, nor his shadow darken the threshold of home. Therefore Pathos, with that high and inflexible patience of hers, stands sentinel and mourner over the stricken field, the human harvest which was reaped by no sickles, but by swords. Therefore she shall abide in all battle-fields in all lands, to keep watch and ward over the dust of empires, and to move the emotions of pilgrims, that travel thither to see the spots famous in history. Long hath she sat on the mound of Achilles on the windy plains of Troy. She loves Marathon right well, for the free fell there fighting. Her feet track the ancient course of conquering Cæsar. Agincourt is familiar ground to her. Ah! me, she haunts the hollows of Flodden. And I found her wandering among the ways of Waterloo. By Potomac and Rappahannock, in the wilderness lands and seven-oaks she stays, bewailing the brave and good who died there. And behold her yet again. She stands in a miserable garret by

the bed of a dead genius. The paper on which he was writing, translating his thought into golden words, flutters in the icy air that creeps through a broken window. The white ashes tremble like the ghosts on the cold hearth. The lamp-light is dying, and, like the light of his life, will soon be quenched. The little dog, his faithful comrade in dreary, weary hours, licks the stiff hands of him that often stroked it. The books he commenced with are scattered on the floor, and oh ! bitter mockery, the leaf of Beattie's minstrel is open beginning, "Ah, who can tell" &c. Hither Pathos has come to be chief mourner, and watch a little while. And as she bends above, she meditates. And these are some of her musings. "Oh, broken heart, you bartered the wealth of a generous soul for the crust that was given grudgingly. You toiled in obscurity to maintain existence. Coarse souls had much gold, you only had a little copper. Affluence encircled the ignorant, the base, but penury was your shadow in day and dark. Yet the time will come when men will estimate the value of this life that passed out alone. This spot when tired, scorned, over-wrought genius lay down and died of hunger, will yet become known. Sleep well poor heart, thy thoughts shall thrill the world, when the worm has fretted thine enshrouded form, and the stains of rain are dark on thy humble tombstone. Sleep, tired brain that ached so often. Rest, rest my beloved, for you craved it, and God gave you rest at last. The grass that shall grow and whisper

above your grave, is kindlier far than the words of men, and sweet and soothing after their sneers, and the cold clay that shall soon embrace thee is warmer surely than the world's kiss. So I kiss these well-cut lips, once for a mother, since you were somebody's darling doubtless. So I kiss them twice for the wild regret of others such as thou. So I kiss them thrice for the fame of thee hereafter. I shall tell thy sad story to the sympathizing, and there will be eyes as wet as mine when the record of a life so tender and true is unrolled. Lo ! the light is also dead. I will leave thee, O dead one in the darkness, but I know the light will skimmer softly on the spot where men shall lay thee." You will find the spirit of Pathos in many places and things. Among the ruins of ancient temples, towns and towers she abides. She ponders over the past with its multitude of memories. The voice of her fills all desolate forsaken houses. She reposes in listless langour near the mounds of old Babylon, listening to the boom of the bittern. On Mars Hill she meditates on mutability. On the sunny slopes of Palestine she wanders, and wonders at the terrible fate of Judæa. In Rama she answers the lamenting of childless Rachel, and she still hears Hagar in the far wilderness, weeping sorely for Ishmael. In 'damp dungeons she pities the fettered prisoners, in sick chambers she draws closer to the dying. The sepulchres are her favourite haunts. Also in the muffle and ruffle of the drum beaten in time to the slow paces of soldiers bearing a companion to his

grave, in the tender tunes which rustics sang of old at the grape-gathering, in the moan of wind-stirred pines, the shiver of melancholy aspens, the sigh of tall grass on battle-plains, the tenderness of dawn, the dolour of darkness, the misery of hopeless love, the passionate outcry of solitary sufferers ; in all these, and in more than these, Pathos has profound study. The dry bread which hunger moistens with tears, feeds Pathos, and the bitter wine of life quenches her thirst. Oh ! Pathos who shall apostrophize thee, since brooding silence best befits thy moods ? Let us on wakeful midnights be guided by thee to the stiller circles of time when the violets were fresh in the dingles and dells of the woodlands, when the roses had to us a richer redness, when the pure pipings of the song-birds gladdened the long long hours of the dear old years. Shade which casteth a shadow, fill our hearts with the remembrance of music heard in the gloamings of long ago, and perished or ever the majestic moon spilled her white light down the sides of lofty mountains. Give us back the words which were spoken by our dead in the days that are no more. Find us the soul's jewels we lost in troubled times. Linger with thy sweet sister, Memory, over the hopes that climbed to steep sharp pinnacles, and pierced by pain, fell prone into gloomy abysses ; the wild splendour of waking visions that dazzled our eyes before the feverish fervour of youth burned itself out, and left but grey ashes of what was so unique and beautiful. Yea, perfect Pathos, drift with us

into the dreams of sleep, accompany us in our walks through the world's highways and byeways, and sing, O Lady of the low and lamenting voice, sing sometimes to us in the midst of our mirth, "Forever from the fountains of delight some bitterness doth bubble up, and there is that which frets us in the flowers themselves." Thou didst move with mighty emotions Homer of old, singing the deeds and dirges of antique warriors, the wrath of Achilles, the sorrow of false Helen, the pleading of Andromache, and the burial of crest-tossing Hector. Thy hands wake a wail from her lyre for Sappho when she fled from the bowers and brightness of her island, and found a fierce fate for a false love crying "Phaon, Phaon, Phaon," she leaped into the open arms of death. Thy lips quivered when men recounted how Joan of Arc was consumed by blazing faggots in the market of Rouen. Thine were the mutterings over the shackled limbs of Erin, when each captain that came sailing across the Irish sea brought rapine and wrong, and made the harps mute in the high halls of Tara. Thine were the sobs when the sleeping boy-princes were smothered in the dismal tower of London. Thine were the sighs when fair, unfortunate Mary, the Scottish Queen, was cruelly done to death. And thy heart is melted at the sight or intelligence of all things very sorrowful. Pass on, O Pathos, for we cannot express by crude thoughts, or weak words, the ineffable tenderness of thy tones, the measured tread of thy footsteps, the

chaste sadness of thy mien, nor the depths of pure feeling in thine eyes. We see Joy laugh with his laughter, but Pathos awes our gaze; we bow as her presence passes, coming softly and slowly from the ways of woe, we fall on our faces as her raiment rustles beside us, and we thrill in thinking that her heart is hurt beyond healing.

But it is not in what we, *par excellence*, call literature that Pathos alone lives. There are pictures pathetic. Landseer's Shepherd's chief mourner is a perfect poem, and an universal one. For the painter is less hindered in uttering his magnificent conceptions than the poet. Colours are the language of the former contour, and composition are his periods and sentences. So the Italian and Spaniard can stand before the painting I have alluded to and understand it. Of course a shepherd from bonnie Teviotdale would read the poetry of the picture better, and perceive all its pathos. Allow me to allude to a picture which attracted much attention in the late Exposition Universelle. It was by a modern French painter, and had all the weird effects common to the school of the PreRaphaelites, and was marked in the catalogue "Departed." It is very difficult to convey an idea of this strange picture by words, but I'll try. The foreground was a waste heath under moonlight, and in the shining, shallow pools, set in the barren moor like inlaid silver, one perceived the reflection of stars. Shadowy mountains blocked in the heath, whose monotony was thus abruptly terminated. On the right of the picture a vulture in-

clined with slow, far-stretched wing to the ground. And the object of the vulture's flight was a fair, dead woman. This picture by sombre colour and simple incident had reached a marvellous effect, and was most pathetic to me. I lingered long near it, and after leaving, by a singular fascination, I returned, and fairly felt the sadness of the scene. I let Fancy make a story of wrong, desertion, and lonely, desolate death in the bleak heath, with the vulture drawing nearer in hideous intent. Nay, so absorbed did I become by the pathetic character of the painting, that I forgot to follow my friends, and so lost them in the crowd. But sculpture keeps in stiffened agony the most powerfully pathetic thing in ancient statuary. Who can look on the "Laocoon" group, and not understand the anguish of the position. How the muscles of the Father writhe in the coils of the serpent, how the droop of that nether-lip shows the awful fate he is enduring—but the iron energy with which he bears it! There is no group to equal it in marble, and I long earnestly for the time to come, if spared, when my eyes shall rest on this splendid conception, petrified pathos. We must not endeavour always to analyze the Pathetic. For who can determine the elements of a rainy sunset, and the proportional force each has in gently pathetic emotions. The reason why the flowing of a river at night thrills some souls with the echo of sadness is most unexplainable. So we cannot come with the foot-rules of logic or exactitude to the divine spirit of Pathos.

The masters of Pathos, those who have exercised an influence over humanity by the expression of this soft sorrow, in whatsoever department of literature or art, are like men in a great temple chaunting the *miserere*, and moving us by their hollow-sounding voices. For instance, the poetry of Tennyson is a pure dome, a pallid flower of marble, unvexed within by coarse, hoarse voices, but clear, and cool, and full of the quiet murmurs of Pathos, as if she were the ministrant therein. In the simplest air played herein on the great organ of his genius, you have undertones of wailing; there is the weary melody breaking its heart, and at length attaining a sense of rest. As you read the Laureate, you seem to see the stormy north world of snow and tempest in his Oriana, the mystic oppression of eastern light and cruel colour in his Fatima, continents lying under fiery suns, splendour of successive dancing, voluptuous curves of rising and falling fountains, dreamy langour of leaves at repose and sickness, blood-stained lips, and the bacchanal ballad of despair, in his vision of "Sin." In Wordsworth, again there is nothing elaborate, nothing unnatural. He is troubled with the pathos of nature. Birds piping purely because forlorn, birds whose wings sorrowfully trail in the dust. Noises that are shrill, and sweet, and estranged from us, the light that never lay on land or sea, lost mid-way between man's life and the life of soulless things, the untravelled, untrod ways of nature full of fitful north country fancies: the bleating of stray lambs

wild, and gentle, and mournful, in the long light breaths of evening air, heaving all the heather on the hills, and dying in the dewy dells. No man's hand has pressed from the bells and buds of the moors and downs, a sweeter honey or aroma than his. He touches the daisy tenderly, there is a mixture of mortal sorrow, with the mute features of the scenery of these grey English moorland shires in his poems. He bewilders our eyes with beauty and tears, with the blended existence of passion and pain. Nay, some of his verse to use his own line, contain thoughts that lie too deep for tears, for they sink below the sorrow that is relieved by tears, and lie calm at the bottom of the heart ; calm as hard stones at the depths of a lake, calm though the troubled, doubled beating of a mournful heart be above them.

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We cannot always be impassioned, eagle-like, tending towards the centre of light. Being human, we must move in the shadowy valleys often. Being human, we perceive the pale bloom of Pathos, which grows best in the gloom of grief. Being human the still, sad music of humanity times our marching steps towards the grave. We cannot ever be following that Will-o-the-wisp men call mirth. Fill up the golden flagons in kings' houses, with the rarest wines, from grapes grown in a clime where the light loves to live, but that draught is not so thirst-quenching to the soul, as the pale-coloured nepenthe of Pathos. Sing out loud, and bold, and free, the rhymes of antique fights,

the tumultuous music of brave deeds, but the plaintive harp of Pathos is better to the soul than the cry of clarion, or scream of slogan. One gives me this experience, "When a boy I heard a most pathetic utterance in Norway. It was a stranger like myself, singing the old year out and the new year in. He had come from Nantucket, and was waiting for the fiords to be unfettered, so that he might again sail over the salt seas. I am sure his song was extemporized, and it was most touching, though having a rollicking metre, nor did a dozen in that low-roofed northern dwelling understand the words of the American sailor, but the cheery Norwegian voices applauded when he ceased, and I saw a flaxen-haired, short-kirtled daughter of Scandinavia have wet eyes as she looked at the singer. The pathos of that song lives in my soul, and beats time often in my brain when the snow lies deep outside, and the winds whistle shrilly, recalling that far-off time when I wintered nigh the Baltic." So it is in a certain manner of voice that Pathos lives, as well as in noble poems, perfect pictures, marble chiselled into shape, nature and the notes of music. But howsoever these things, no one can deny that pathos is a lever in life. It is a force, and its tendency is for good. The sobbing of a woman in woe ought to change a man from a cowardly character into a chivalrous nature. We cannot read or gaze on the best phases of the pathetic, without at least being affected, and often influenced. When Anthony stood by the body of Cæsar,

the noblest Roman of them all, whose blood had splashed the base of Pompey's terminal statue, by pathetic oratory Anthony stirred the souls of his countrymen, on behalf of their great champion, that was slain by the hands of ingratitude. When Petrarch, with the mute misery of his eyes and wan face, looked on the lady Laura, she fell prone before the altar, and almost died of sorrow. When Eric raised a lament over Arthur's great knight, Launcelot of the Lake, who lay stark and stiff in his cell, the monks of Glastonbury hid their faces on their breasts. When Johnnie Armstrong, the bold Border chief, gave his reckless farewell to the lads of Liddesdale, these dauntless troopers cried like children. When unfortunate Shelley's body was cast ashore on the Italian sand, poor Byron sat and sobbed over the awful ending of erratic genius. But why multiply instances of the power of the pathetic, do we not, my friends, feel it daily. And it is softening, heart-helping, for it makes us more considerate, more charitable, more Christ-like. Oh ! Pathos ! tell us as an ending to these feeble pæans of mine in thy praise, tell us how Roland died blowing his bugle. There was a warring between the moors of Spain and Charlemagne, the Emperor of the West. With Roland and other noble knights, the king had quelled the sons of the Saracens. But Roland fearing treachery, remained near the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees, with a chosen band, his famous sword in his right hand, and his keen, clear, echoing bugle in the left. And so

Charlemagne went riding, returning into France. But the king and his captains had not ridden far when a sharp sound sang through the forest, and startled the birds. "That was Roland's horn" quoth the King, "let us go back." How hotly they urged their steeds, returning to the rescue of Roland. But at Roncesvalles, the deep gorge in the mountains, they found the brave knight crushed beneath rocks which the Moors had hurled from the high cliffs. And a faint sound of a bugle, blown as it were by one whose breath was sore spent, drew them to a huge rock. And under it bold Roland lay dying. But as he saw his King's tearful eyes, he put with slow hand the bugle to his quivering lips, and with his last sigh sent forth a blast that thrilled the hearers. So Roland died ; and the dying of him in such valorous fashion gave a strong song to the followers of Norman William, when they closed and clashed with Harold at Hastings ; and when the three Norman Kings kept watch over the field that night, rampant in the banner-folds of Duke William's standard, when Harold lay cold under the dews, when English yoemen were thickly piled in heaps, the Norman warriors sang again round their watch-fires, the song of Roland who died at Roncevalles.

Farewell, O ! Pathos, we have heard thy voice. Return to us though, and help us in this valley of life by thy power. Make us have kindlier voices, more helping hands, more humane hearts. Whisper to us in the pre-

sence of sorrow, that we should sympathize with the grieved, the forsaken, the desolate, the helpless. Renew chivalry in our century. Lift the curse of sin from off us, and make us cling closely to good. For the lily-flower of humanity, the divine Jesus, the sweet Lord Christ, has sanctified thee by his words and deeds, his life and death. And the time shall come when thou shall no more walk the world sorrowing, but united forever with perfect love, taste love's sweetness ; and thine own sadness shall depart forever. For there shall be no more night, nor noise of weeping nor parting, in the freer, fairer, finer spheres of existence, the higher planes of life.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RHINE.

RIVERS are the arteries of the earth. To make them, the rills hurry from fertilizing the fields, and add their constant tribute to the wealth of water wandering seaward. To increase the force of their fluency, the streams, born in the mountainous, mighty high-lands, overleap obstacles, and precipitate their power with all the energy of speed accelerated by the descent into those great rivers which traverse continents. Hence mankind builds the vast cities in the curves of rivers. And no marvel that many of the associations of history, the record of fights, and the memory of victories, are linked with the names of Nile, Jordan, Thames, Seine, Rhine, Rhone, Tiber and Potomac. What a history hath that slow river of Egypt, since the days when a king's daughter found the Hebrew babe floating in his frail cradle of flags. Its grandeur is gone, its pyramids still stand sentinel on the sands, and the face of the Sphinx yet keepeth staring out far into space, but the glories which adorned the banks of the Nile are gone, like the baseless fabric of a vision, and the river, dreamy-voiced, languid in its lapse as the motion of a wounded snake, tends ever toward the Mediterranean, not now to rock the Roman galleys of Augustus, corn-laden in the port of Alexandria, but to stir the

sloth of a huge English frigate at anchor with red ensign of an admiral at its peak. And the explorers of its mysterious source, from the early Greek voyagers in the times of the cultured Sovereign, Ptolemy, to the recent adventurous Britons, Speke and Baker, have they not given to the antique river a series of stories, liker the fictions of fancy than the fabrics of fact. I would that my subject could have been "Up the Nile," which once rolled in blood under the plague of God, which bore the burden of Cleopatra's barge laden with Anthony, that Latin lion in love, and which seems to me the rarest river that a wanderer can sail on. But I'll plunge into the Rhine. These experiences which may serve to fill up, however feebly, your leisure hour, are taken from a well-worn note book. As our memories are like pencillings, apt to become indistinct or obliterated, pardon the probable meagreness of this lecture. One August afternoon we came over the great plain forty miles east of Aix-la-Chapelle, where rests the dust of Charlemagne, and entered Cologne. Long ere we came to the city, the celebrated cathedral met our gaze. A majestic mass of masonry, that would be oppressive to the eyes and convey a heavy sense of solidity by its bulk, but rendered light, airy and elegant by its symmetrical structure, is the vast Cologne Cathedral beside the rolling Rhine. Its gargoyles, buttresses, window scrolls are floriated and look like lace work petrified. It is built in the shape of a cross and is the purest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe.

The inhabitants of the town may well be proud of the colossal temple, fitly named in the expressive German tongue *wom-kirchi* ; and the skill of that worthy master, Maston Hans Gerhard, who, if he did not design, was the first builder, is revered by the German craft even as Christopher Wren, who planned and partly erected St. Pauls, is honoured by his dear England. What gigantic intellects these must have been in days of undeveloped mechanics, with the drawbacks of wars or evil kings ever contracting their energy, with the brevity of life's span urging instant action, which enabled men to cope with adverse circumstances and translate the beauty of their lofty thoughts into enduring stone. These structures are their tombstones, they need no epitaph who have such monuments to their effective power.

But if master Gerhard's work be beautiful, the town it glorifies is very foul. Despite the fact that thirty Farinas claim to be the original distillers of Eau de Cologne and furnish funds for the lawyers by suits with each other, the town has a villanous stench. He who would pace the pavements must wear thick boots and not grumble at the frequency of gutters. His nostrils must not be nice, nor discriminative of complex smells. Truly Coleridge estimated this city of ill odours well and in happy phrase. I cannot delay in the city of Cologne with its historic riches dating from the ancient Roman wars, for this is to be the point of departure ; and in the course of this mere outline of course a detailed sequence of places can-

not be given. The Rhine is broad by Cologne and has that long wash which characterizes its flowing. Here it is spanned by two bridges, one composed of boats, and ever trembling to the pulse of the water. We stood at night on this bridge and gazed on the river glorious under the soft light of the moon, nearly full ; under foot there was a pleasant swaying that cradled one into imaginations not so stern as the stuff men deal with in daylight. The suburbs, Pont-de-tête and Wentz on the other side of the river flashed their lights across, but Kuln came out grandly in the night. The roof, angles and towers of the cathedral were solemn under the wan overflow of moonlight, and the sense of sight was gratified by the tender effects wrought by light and shadow. There, thought I, Agrippa, the stalwart Roman general, first pitched his camps, and the rude native tribe built upon the spot cleared, fenced, and moated by the iron soldiers of the Empire. Women and war were blended in the origin of this city's site, for the mother of Nero sent veterans to keep the place and they called it Colonia Agrippina. There the legions of Trojan caused the earth to quake, as, weighted with their armour, they defiled thro' the streets of Cologne. There two wearers of the Purple were proclaimed, and the huzzas of the soldiery echoed over the Rhenish river. There William Caxton, noble, devoted, pious Englishman, learned the new art of printing, nigh four hundred years ago ; and there sleep, saith tradition, the three kings of the East, who came, guided by the mystic gleam of the strange

star, to worship the Christ-babe in Bethlehem. Yes, the foreign town was full of the dead acted centuries' facts, and the moon shone and shimmered on the Rhine, and the late home-going burgher paused to regard us on the bridge, and the present grew thick, with the things of the past. Such was my first view of the great river, and that night while dreaming of dear ones beyond the Atlantic, the Rhine bounded my home-visions, but the morning brought "boots" to the door holding out the inevitable five fingers, sinless of soap, and greedy for gain, which rudely disturbed my romance, and made me aware that you must purchase pleasure in travel.

The Lurley, which bore us from the wharf at Cologne, was a fine boat. She carried many fore or steerage passengers, mostly peasants going home, and about thirty aft passengers. As four boats start each day, this was a fair average of fares. We had the Countess de Valois, with two sons and a daughter; an American doctor and family, one daughter dying of consumption; three Prussian officers, very manly fellows, badly, or rather awkwardly dressed; a parson, who evidently imagined himself the heaviest man aboard, on account of his being tutor to a sickly plant of nobility; and three English families. The French Countess got out her silver scent flask, sniffed the fragrance, chided her maid for not bringing her book quicker, and in reading soon forgot there was a Rhine to be seen. The Yankee doctor, a capital fellow, sauntered forward with an English law-

student, and I heard him remark, "They charge cheaply for travelling here, but I tell you they come down on you like the avoirdupois of ten thousand bricks when the grub is around." The gallant Prussians honoured me with a chat in rather questionable French, and all went merry as we sailed up, breasting the flow of the broad Rhine. There is not much fine scenery from Cologne till you get to the Seven Mountains, about an hour's sail on. So, if you please, till we reach the romance, I'll give you some incidents of travel in the boat. The captain of the *Lurley* was the queerest specimen of nautical nature I ever met with. He had a head round and red as a Rotterdam cheese. It was covered with a ponderous plush cap, and the gilt tassel thereof dangled like a Pasha's tail. That face was pierced by a pair of steel blue eyes, and from his lips there ever hung a long china pipe. How he sucked in the smoke and fairly rivalled the funnel in uttering it again! And silent as the Sphinx he moved about, giving orders by gestures. The French lady had a pet-poodle, limited by the usual blue ribbon. This dainty dog's slumber at the feet of its mistress, was broken by the careless feet of the skipper, coming in close contact with his delicate carcase. The pampered animal started, yelped, and made his teeth meet in the slippered foot of the human intruder. Then ensued the most inimitable scene. The guttural German oaths were hurled at the dog, the Countess raged in a frenzy of exquisite French, kept the poodle from the rude clutch of the

wrathful captain, and called at intervals for her Abigail, Adèle. What could the wretched son of Adam do? The woman's tongue worsted him, he fled down into the cabin, and came up five minutes later with an ostentatious bandage round the injured ankle, sucking the pipe of course, scowled on the cur as he passed to the wheel, and relapsed into the usual silence. Meantime the lady petted poodle with comfits, sniffed at the fragrance of the bouquet, arched her eyebrows disdainfully in the direction of the wheel, smoothed down her ruffled plumage very gracefully with simpering and shrugs. It is a passion with me to inspect machinery, so down among the ebony-hued engineers I went. These are generally taciturn men. They are not communicative. They waste no words and are always oiling some part of their charge. Mustering up my stock of French phrases, I bade the chief engineer the time of day. He nodded, rubbed a bit of brass and never seemed to see me. During my inspection of the parts of the engine, however, the man remarked to his sooty satellite "Jock 'ave hurt ma finger wi' this pintel." And finding the good Glasgow voice aboard the foreign boat I just came up to him and said: "Hoos a wi' ye the day, mun?" To which the stern Scot relaxing into a smile, replied "Brawly, thanke ye for speirin, and who's yersel'." So we sat and cracked a bit. It was rich to hear him ridiculing the foreign petty Princes of the Duchies "wha canna fire an Armstrong gun in their bit dominions for fear the cannon be gang until a

neighbour's territory and raise a fecht." A good, cannie Glasgow man my friend proved, he got high wages and so staid, tho' he longed sorely for the Broomielaw and the sweet curve of Rothesay bay. His wife was dead, and from the rough speech of that hard working fellow, I heard sentiments as tender concerning his dead wife as ever Tennyson set in English verse in memory of his friend. But the Sieben &c., were coming in view, so I bade my brither Scot goodbye, got a kindly Caledonian grip, a pleasant parting word, and stumbled on deck. And looking, obedient to the instinct that drew my eyes upward, there the seven sister hills which guard the gorge of the Rhine rose wonderful, weird and witch-like. Now we were in the region of romance. The Sieben, &c., had shadowed my day dreams, when an idle boy on Arthur's seat I pored over German legends; we all testified our admiration by earnest eyes. These seven hills, huddled together as though they desired close company, are bare of verdure, brown but beautiful. The occasional tree, the amber-hued heath, the visible and varying cleavage of the crags, the sunlight lost in the labyrinth of their glens, and their sheer crags dropping down to the river, make them grand. Here the Rhine takes a sharp curve and expresses its indignation at the contraction of its channel by the crags, in great, strong swirls, foam and noise. It tested the pistons of the engine to stem the set and sway of the current now. All hands were eager, the bitter Captain forgot his incipient hydrone and shouted

out directions. Round the wheel spun as swift as a top, and we entered shadows of awful crags, *swished* past a great rock almost in the middle of the river, and on the left was the Drachenfels, beside us the Lurley rock. Trees with scales like a serpent's skin ran up or rather writhed up the fells, and the shuddering foam sprang over the rock where the Lurley sang. High they towered these crags ; and the sturdy fir scarcely got footing on them, the gloom fell on the turbid river and gave it the glamour of shadowy Styx, and there was no word spoken by our company. The victim of consumption lifted large luminous eyes to the heights, and seemed to be interested for a few moments with forlorn pleasure. There was the tower from which Roland watched the night light of his love, and Nonenworth with blank walls returned the gaze of Rolandseck. Like a sensation begotten of opium, I stared at the cliffs and the ruined towers, thinking of a deathless love that wore away slowly to death, gazing on the grating that held in bondage, the face sweet with smiles once, but wet with tears now. The Drachenfels is sacred by true love. Here is the story of it. But a tissue of terror invests the Lurley crag. The very water, writhing, passes it in shuddering. This is, indeed, the gate to the long glories of the rapid river. Below the Drachenfels 'tis tamer than our own rivers, it becomes perfectly practical as it goes through the low lands by Holland, and is as prosaic as an almanack, when it enters the ocean. But from the Lurley rock commence the sudden beauties,

the striking contrasts, the vivid variations of the rolling water which in Teutonic song is called King Rhine, and a royal river it is. Coming like a conqueror through the Swiss lakes of Constance and Tellern, and gathering strength in its transit it makes one wild leap over the rocky ramparts of Schaffhausen, a leap from which it gathers itself up like a charger recovering himself on his haunches, a leap that sprinkles the quivering foliage forever with spray, a leap that sends it onward with multiplied swiftness and irresistible force, till it grows greater by the subtle influx of 300 glaciers and the tithes of water paid by 2,700 rivers of different sizes. Then near the ancient city of Basle it assumes the strength of a well-developed river. In the Black Forest it expands in a valley thirty miles wide. And beside it the charcoal burners light their fires, and when the ruddy blaze is reflected from the surface, at night they sit under the broad frondage of the pines and tell old-world stories. How Siegfried slew the dragon with his strange sword; how the Kobbold helped Hagen to harry the eagle's nest; how a blue-eyed boy came singing to a king's castle and charmed the Princess, so that she followed him to the holy wars in Palestine, and laved his dying lips in the clear brook of Kedron and was buried beside him in the shadow of the olives, and such stories they tell.

Steaming up slowly, for the current is rapid here, we saw the castle of Altenahr. The Ahr is a mountain stream bounding through a valley many miles long, which

valley is famed for producing a fine red wine called Aarbluchart. But it was not the pretty valley with the tiny river picking its way over the crags that interested us. Nor did the fact that this place produced such exquisite vinous liquor allure our eyes. It was an awfully solitary castle in an excellent state of preservation, but so lonely looking, which engaged our eager eyes. Perched on a high sheer cliff, with the stream raving at its base, myriads of purple, orange and green leaved creepers climbing up, as if to enfold the castle in their coils, there was the Altenahr renowned for the memory of a deed done there which made men once hold their breath. The knight of Altenahr was a bold, bad fellow truly, but his name is not execrated in song. He had trammelled and fettered the commerce of the Rhine by evil habits of exacting heavy tolls from the passing barges. Like a hawk from his eyrie he perceived the deep laden vessels and hastened down to the shore and took a heavy toll from the wretched owners and merchants. This bird of prey had grown such an uncommon nuisance that the bishop and burghers of Brohl came to punish him. He kept close to his nest, the castle, and drank and dared the besiegers to assail him. They tried to starve him out but he and his bold brood had victuals in the vaults of their den and sundry huge hogsheads of good Ahr wine. But after many days a skilled climber contrived to reach one of the windows and fired it. Here is how the knight

acted according to the lyrical version of the legend by Charles Kingsley :

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHN.

“ So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done ;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine ;
I never shall drink but this one.

“ And fetch me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door ;
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before.

“ I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And if I must die on tree,
The old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

“ I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine ;
From Triër to Cöln there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine.

“ So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die ;
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.”

He harness himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As never man took before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall,
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole :
But heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.

The cloud shadows rested on the blackened walls, the sturdy hyssop had screwed itself into a chink of the wall and fluttered there like a green flag of Erin, and strangely enough a great hawk in soaring circles rose above it, and poised in mid air, over the castle of Altenahr.

Scarcely had we ceased from looking at the legended tower, when we were suddenly made aware, by an abrupt angle of the river, of the Rhineneck. An old semi-square structure near a modern pile, evidently inhabited, and both very far up the heights of the crags. Indeed these old Rhenish regents seemed to possess a fatality for altitude. One marvels where they got men to raise, or material raised so high. I find in my note book this remark : " Here is an etymology for this tower 'wry-neck,' for it gives a terrible twist to a fellow's neck in looking up at it." Then further on a watch post entirely ruined, but singularly picturesque. Here the vines zig-zag upwards by terraces and bring to mind the hanging gardens of Babylon that absorbed the sun ere it reached the nether. The tints and tones near this part of the Rhine,

visible afar off in the lichens and mosses, were most beautiful, and strangely associated my present enjoyment with past Indian summers in America. You get the finest view of the vineyards, after leaving Rolandseck. At Brohl, the green of the grape-bearing plants is beautiful. We are so accustomed in these north lands to think of the vines as growing to walls, that it seems strange to see them like scarlet-runners, or hops, trained to poles. The height of the plants is less than the human stature, for the heads of the labourers pruning them are visible above the upper coronal of leaves. Every tendril is trained so that the sun may strike the cluster. Almost constant tending of the vine is required, and while working the peasants generally sing, and that sweetly as the Germans can. But it is not alone on the slopes, which by easy grades incline to the river banks, that the grape is grown. It is astonishing to see the economy of earth exercised. The shelf of a crag has a fine exposure to the beams of the sun, so earth is drawn up from below in baskets and an artificial soil made on these sunny parapets. I saw this operation going on near Remagen in preparation for next season's growth. The vine does not need rich earth, it lives in heat. Indeed the gravelly soil on these crags near the Rhine is prized because the water is better drained from the roots, which rot with too much moisture. The vintage time is one of hilarity. There is a rivalry among the vine dressers to crush the first ripe cluster on the owner's face. This wine baptism affords

great glee to master and servants, these simple German folk are so easily pleased. All of which information concerning grapes, I owe to Herr Rudolph, Captain in His Prussian Majesty's 8th regiment of infantry. He was full of Sadowa, and was proud that a stranger gloried in the triumphs of his nation. Let me here translate out of his queer colloquial French some of the gallant Herr's remarks on the war with Austria. "It was long the reproach of our kingdom among the writers of Europe, that Prussia was slow and awkward in her tactics. But she bore it all. The gay guardsman of the Tuilleries sneered at our appointments, he is arming better to-day lest Bismarck say to us, 'Take France.' They curled their mustaches in Vienna and viewed us with disdain. It was ever 'O! Prussia is always asleep, she'll not wake for a while.'" But she woke one day and by the iron crown of Lombardy, she woke in earnest. For we drove the white-coats with all their cavalry over the rolling lands of Bohemia, and taught them to tremble at the name of our King. And if France wants a whipping we'll give it to her, she shall never darken the Rhine again with her soldiers." The worthy warrior was enthusiastic and you know that summer the impression was that France and Prussia would fight. To hear a little more, I said "The French have a fine chance to enter your territory at the south-west corner of the Black Forest, there's no defence I believe." "You ministers" returned he with a suave smile, "are awful fellows for

faith, and that makes you over credulous. Who told you that we were weak there?" "A French physician in Paris," said I. "Well that blood-letter lied. There are masked batteries in the shade of the forest, and they know it, these Paris fellows. I honour the courage of the French troops, they are quick and carry by a *coup de main*, but when Frederick William's blue boys stand fast, and plod through with what you British call pluck, I have no fear for Prussia. But there's Andernach." And quitting warfare, the kind Captain showed me the beauties of a beautiful place—Andernach is what the ladies call sweetly pretty or briefly lovely. It is enclosed by ancient walls, very high and mossed over. Just beyond it the mountains bathe their feet in the river and form a splendid pass, and at the right edge is a fine ruin. It is called Teufelshaus (Devil's house), because the slaves or serfs employed to build in the 17th century cursed its construction. The ivy mantles it, and as the steamer ran close to the ledge, we saw the crows sitting on the broken turrets. And impudent crows they were, croaked as we passed, and, as my brother remarked, seemed to be holding a *caucus* meeting, at which the American doctor understanding the allusion smiled and said: "Yes, and without a cause." Old ruins perched on the peaks of crags, with their windows like blind eyes, were above us. There in the days of Kaiser Barbarossa, the Lords of the Rhine kept high state. These broken archways were the end of roads that wound in continual

curves to the shore. These halls now desolate, were once filled with mirth and music ; under the lamplight fair dames rejoiced with the soft noise of laughter, and the barons drank great goblets of red wine in the banquet rooms. There the ruins repose, the relics of a bygone time, adding by their death-like appearance a weird charm to the vitality of the river. Human life had boldly erected these, but the life the labour ended. Crimes, loves, emotions, battles, leagues, intrigues, and the diverse operations of energy were once active in these castles, but behold the vanity of vanities now, the rain drips on the deserted hearths and no lights gleam on the Rhine from the ruined windows. And one sees in these sermons in stone : that this being is a mere means to an end, that true life is beyond the grave, in the celestial land where Christ abides.

Almost every half hour we landed and received passengers at towns, and these stoppages formed agreeable interludes to us. For one is in danger while sailing on the Rhine of merging into the past, of indulging in dreams, so it is necessary that the mind be toned by contact with the bustle of a wharf. After leaving Neu-wied, as the afternoon wore away, a little episode took place. A rival boat endeavoured to pass us at a place where the water is literally wild in its flow. The Captain of the Lurley, notwithstanding the bitten foot, was not going to be beaten by another craft. So the ting, ting of the bell conveyed to the engineers that more

speed was required. Strangely however, the order was misapprehended and we slackened speed. The other boat shot past, her crew, captain and passengers cheering in victory. But the Lurley's skipper's blood was up. Down he dived into the Erebus of the engine room, loud altercation followed swift on his descent, and in a minute our paddles fairly whirled. And then we drew on the foremost craft with a vengeance, I tell you. The oscillation was great. Every one aboard was interested, for the honour of our boat was at stake. How she shot forward, overtaking the other steamer each moment. "Yank her boys" shouted the American doctor, who had raced on the Mississippi, and they yanked her. We ran so near the other craft that the Captain took the slipper and flung it on the deck of his rival, and though they put on all power the Lurley left the Marianne far behind in ten minutes, and all of us cheered, and the ruddy phiz of the skipper glowed with pride. Say what you will we don't like to be beaten. But after pleasure, pain. During the run the Countess's book and opera glass were lost overboard and here was a renewal of hostilities between the Captain and her. How the fresh row was settled I know not, for I sauntered forward and got into a chat with the poor girl dying of consumption. The tears were in her eyes gazing at the fair scenery, but the sweetness of her patience and resignation was ever visible. We talked of America. Her heart was in a little New England village with its aged elms, and

neighbouring wood. It was painful to hear the low, hacking cough and see the bright hectic of her cheeks. Only twenty-one, and dying, it was a case that enlisted sympathy, and as the mountains now far inland swept by, we spoke of that great psalm "I to the hills will lift mine eyes." Aye her eyes were elevated to the altitude of the mountains of God's mercy. She died in peace in a pretty continental town, and my companion of a long summer's day, is with the Lord Christ, where the river of life runs for ever far fairer than the flow of the Rhine. Though she sleeps not under the elms of New England, though the misty and mournful Atlantic rolls between her first and last homes, though many a German peasant in vain tries to spell the strange words on her tombstone, graved in English characters, yet she rests well I know, and if ever, which is probable, during my life I visit the Rhine, I shall pause to remember one of Christ's disciples' sweet, short life, beside her grave. We ran so near the right bank now, that the peasants pruning vines hailed us. The engine dragging its manifold cars, mocked our slow speed compared with it's, and rushed roaring past us on the shore. Seeing the trains on the thin strip between the bank and cliffs of the Rhine, I saw how they could construct railroads cheaper in Germany than England, where deep cuttings worse than tunnels are needed. Close to the shore came the Lurley, and slower she sailed. The healthy frauleins trimming wine plants, beckoned and bowed to us, to which the

scion of nobility, under charge of his reverend but restless tutor, was not slow to respond. One of our pretty Frankfort passengers made a sign to the labourers on shore, and suddenly clusters of nigh-ripe grapes were flung aboard. Wondering at the ready response to the manipulation of our fair friend, my brother, skilled in German, asked her the reason. "'Tis my father's vineyard," she said. This maiden was at school in Prussia, and the thanks of the passengers were accorded her for the timely gift of grapes, though like those the fox desired in the fable they were slightly sour. Ten days after I bought twenty bunches in the market of Geneva, for an English sixpence, so ripe that the wasps were busy sucking their plump succulence, while we ate them under the statue of Rousseau near the débouché of the Rhone. But these were not grown so far north as the south of Switzerland, however ; they were brought from the peninsula of Italy by rail in a few hours. Still the Swiss grapes are ripe earlier than the Rhine fruit.

It was drawing near twilight, the sun though not set was out of sight to us ; the beautiful banks of the Rhine became more tender under the weak but most mellow light ; the ruins, so frequent now as to defy description, shrunk into the shadows of protecting foliage ; the water, olive-green in hue, changed to a yellow tinge, and a hush very "eerie," as the Scotch say, fell on us all. A few miles of rather tame scenery after the surfeit of splendours of the past hours, intervened, and I began to read,

what to me is most beautiful, the last chapter of the last book in the Bible, in French. I saw the river clearer than crystal flowing through the city of the saints of God, the dying girl's face darkened the page as I read aloud, and many a fervent *amen*, arose from varied voices as I finished, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Hardly had my lips reposed in quiet, when a dear, manly voice cried to me, "Here's your Island at last, my lad." And hastily assuming my hat I hurried to his side and saw in the gloaming, fitting time for its perception, "The Island of the Scots." Don't imagine me over sentimental or unmanly when I confess tears came to my eyes gazing on that lonely, narrow island in the Rhine whose name still keeps the memory of my countrymen. A profound sensation that thrilled me, filled me with a storm of feeling felt through every fibre of the mind. Yes, l'Isle des Ecossais, these Teutonic warriors may well call it. For in the long, woful French wars, when the Principalities turned to bay against the trained troops of King Louis, only a Scottish band, led by the noble Horn, turned the tide of victory. Here the French had gained an important position, fortified it with cannon, and deemed the rapid, broad rush of the Rhine a sufficient moat. But show me the current or the cannon that will brook Scottish chivalry. The Scots' guard, a band of beggared men, who had fled from the Fatherland and hired out their swords to a foreign nation for fealty to Prince Charlie, volunteered to attack this strong position. Their leader,

in a speech worthy of Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, beseeched his countrymen to consider the stream before them, the Garry, the honour they would win by victory, a glory to Scotia and the deaths they might die, a memorial to valour. "Now Brothers, will ye wade in?" cried he, as the balls ricocheted over the water, and 500 men followed him. Quick came the death-dealing storm of cannon and grape shot, quickly fell the Scotch guard, but the fragments forded the rapid run of the river, growing more enthusiastic and energetic by their losses of comrades, till they gained the island, and won it from the French. And on that lonely island of the Scots, the Caledonian exiles raised a cheer as they took possession of the guns, but it was feeble, for only 180 voices out of 500 joined in it. The rest were dumb, with dead faces borne down the river, and the German legions lifted up their voices and wept, while the faint "Hurrah" came over the river, thinking of the awful cost of dear lives that island stood them in. Do you wonder, thinking over that wild evening long ago, that I cried partly from sorrow, but greatly from joy at the prowess of my countrymen. 'Tis a small island, not cultivated, overgrown with reeds, and underwoods, here and there some dismal poplar trees, but bearing an aspect of sorrow commensurate with its event. If you ever pass the "Island of the Scots," remember the brilliant episode of war that can claim rank with Sobraon or Balaklava, for these noble souls died for freedom's sake. The blunt but

kind captain, hearing our particular interest in the isle, steamed at half speed, while the landing boat put off, and plucked some poplar leaves as memorials of the place. At a town a mile hence, we had an addition of Prussic acid in the shape of an invalided soldier returning to his corps in Rhenish Prussia somewhere. He allowed me to examine his needle-gun which I found clumsy after the Lancaster I had discharged at volunteer firings. It is very heavy in the stock, and intricate in the breech, but more capable of firing double the shots than the recent pattern furnished our northern volunteers. Each rifle is supplemented with the stave two-thirds its size, sharp pointed, which aids, isolated as a staff, and in piling arms enables every man to rest his gun separately. The advantage of this is apparent in real fighting. When four or six rifles are interlocked in piled arms, it is harder to disengage them on a sharp notice, than to grasp an isolated weapon steadied by a stick. The helmet of this veteran was very heavy *looking*, but on feeling what we Americans call the "heft," it was as light as an infantry shako. The head-piece is made of patent leather well-padded inside with batting cotton. It is crowned with a sharp spike, and the regimental eagle is superscribed with the motto, "Mit Gott far Koenig and Vaterland," The Prussian officers were frank and free with their private, eased his straps and treated him to a flask of Hoch-eimer wine. But as the first star burned on the Rhine, we swept past the castellated fortification of Ehrenbreit-

stein and shot into the low wharf of Coblentz. Near us was the outflow of the blue Moselle, on the right the quaint, large town of Coblentz, and towering on the left, the ancient parapets of that masonic munition which was never wholly taken by the French troops. And here our first day on the Rhine ends.

Coblentz derives its name and notoriety, from the fact that here the Moselle conflues with the Rhine. Rivers are like men, the big fellows arrogant and absorb everything, the Moselle is fain at length to forsake its individuality and blend with and be forgotten in the full flowing of the great German river. All the bells in Coblentz town were ringing clearly in the twilight, when we entered the hotel, which seemed to be a favourite evening pastime in continental towns. In Paris they have a fine custom of ringing every bell in the city simultaneously, and the effect is marvellously grand, so grand that Victor Hugo says it is "the singing of Paris!" Well, how these bells clashed and clanged in Coblentz, clanged and clashed, jingled and jangled, till in a fit of self-gratulation, one almost fancied the music of the steeple was in honour of his entrance. The Lurley steamed on into the night, creeping close to the level of the water away up the river, and the last I saw of the tidy craft was the long, black hull of her, and the circular headed captain, in the stern, smoking that invariable accompaniment, his pipe, and counting, doubtless, how many new fares had come aboard, in lieu of the lot he lost at Coblentz.

In this quaint, quiet and pretty place we stayed till we exhausted the lions and the environs. Seeing that I cannot overtake the other days of sailing up the Rhine, though greatly desiring to speak of Oberrniesel, Bingen, Assmanshausen, the precipitous Rossel, the tumbling Niederwald, Bieherich, and Mayence, all full of poetry, and flush of history, I reluctantly stop here. Coblentz is just a delta or triangle formed by the meeting of these waters, the Rhine and Moselle. It is full of trees and fine squares, and has an exquisite park in the suburbs. This being the capital of Rhenish Prussia, it is well fortified. But the mightiest munitions face Coblentz in the form of Ehrenbreitstein. Winding walls peer out of the thick foliage that literally cover the steep cliffs, each section of stone pierced by rifle-slits and guarded at every angle. The bastions that command both the rivers frown like the shaggy eyebrows of an angry man. In the calm of midnight, watching the fort from my bedroom window, I heard the clank of the pacing sentinel above the sleepy murmur of the Rhine, and as he passed the stern white light of the low, lantern-lit watch posts, his intercepting body quenched the steady glare for an instant. These high fortifications were once battered by French guns, and the fractures are not mended, for they were merely superficial, as the Armstrong gun was not then known. At four o'clock in the morning, I sallied forth in quest of the city. What queer old streets Coblentz has. Here you find a composite order of

architecture, the Hotel de Ville, though not so ornate as that of Brussels, is certainly most unique. But let me leave this town, and spend the last sentences on the "Blue Moselle." I doubt not many have heard that rare old song, through which the gentle river runs, and times its rhymes to the music of its fluency. Blue, aye, the epithet is admirable, blue as the arch celestial in this north, when the skies are clear of clouds, blue as honest eyes looking love and telling soft tales in glances, blue as the brilliant sheen of steel, blue as the glow of a turquoise under light, is the Moselle. The Rhine is sometimes rude and rough, like a knight in battle, but the Moselle is gentle as a fair-eyed girl tripping along to the warbling of her simple roundelays. The bridge from the west side of Coblenz is very old. On it the grandsons of Charlemagne walked to divide the heritage of their mighty forefather, in the church of Lancaster. We paused over its midmost arch, and dreamt old dreams of days bygone. And the sweet carillons sprinkled the sunny air with multitudinous music, and the dear reality of the land of song and story, the rivers forever flowing through romance, came upon us as softly as the falling flakes of snow, or the upward ebbing tides of light at dawning. And the gloaming gathered round, the lights twinkled across the rivers, the silence deepened the intensity of emotion, and our second day in Coblenz closed with the pathos of the past and the poetry of the present.

ÆSTHETICS.

THE SCIENCE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ONCE upon a time, according to the antique indefinite phrase of early chroniclers, a few years before the rest of Europe was rudely broken by the noise of mustering squadrons, before the allied armies went Eastward to check the Russian autocrat and adjust to its proper equilibrium the beam of the balance of power which he had disturbed; before war blew his keen blast from a shrill bugle and startled the nations—a boy played truant from school. Insignificant incident mayhap to associate in one sentence with the mightiest events of battle since the days of Napoleon the First, yet, an incident from which I take the title of my paper, *Æsthetics*. The kettle drums of ten troops of dragoons had lured the lad from a temple of learning, had charmed him from books of “grammarie,” even, as it is fabled, Orpheus of old made the Fauns forsake their shadowy sweet woodlands and follow his seductive lyric strains, the mellow sonorous sounds of his silver-stringed shell. To him that fair May morning, what were Histories of England, Algebra or Geography, in comparison with the farewell march of the Scots Greys thro’ the historic streets of

Auld Reekie, and the wild pathos of the music timing the trampling of the horses' hoof-falls. The terror of a tough thonged strap aged in the administration of innumerable whacks, the aggravated anger of an impulsive Rector well named "Herod," by his juvenile subjects, the vast number of bad marks, the degraded position at the foot of the class, the confinements to school during future play hours, these inevitable effects of truancy became to him but dim shadows of coming troubles, the dull pencilled outlines of sorrows sketched by heedless imagination on the horizon of to-morrow, for this naughty boy was not moved by the glimpses he had while following the band, of the fearful perspective, being mostly immersed in the pleasure of present enjoyment. So up the High street he strode, with a motley multitude that would have disgusted the fastidious Falstaff in the suburbs of Coventry, strode inflamed with martial ardour at the hearing of woful, wailing fifes, the troubled double of the ruffled drums, the keen clanging of kissing cymbals, that made the pulses tremble in spasms of sympathy ; at the sight of stalwart, straight-sitting horsemen and the splendid, well-caparisoned, perfectly appointed grey chargers. Aye that truant would fain have gone after the march and the music farther than he did, and I know that tears burst from his eyes, as he listened for the last time to the far-off forlorn air of "Auld Lang Syne," and looked at the ringing cavalry, riding onward below St. Anthony's Well, while their shining sabre-scabbards,

burnished accoutrements, haughtily reflected the strength of the sun, and the west wind billowing the broom into green waves that ran down the slopes of Arthur's seat, tossed and toyed with the manes of their horses, till a sharp angle of the road broke the vision, just as the awakening touch of one snaps the gossamer thread whereon sleep strings pearly dreams for the dreamer. But after pleasure, pain, as night follows day, this is a natural sequence in the experience of sage and schoolboy, saint and sinner. Next day this military loving youth, might have been seen, breathing on hot hands in which the latent caloric had been stimulated by the speedy application of leather, performing pantomimes, suggestive of previous punishment as he sat solitary in the silent schoolroom, tantalized by the frequent shouts of laughter which came from the playground. Alas ! he had failed in his spelling frightfully, this was the bitter fruit of his delight in dragoons, and the word that had staggered him, and discovered his delinquency was *Æsthetics*. I will not furnish you with the odious orthography of that word as he spelled it, 'tis sufficient to say that contrary to all jurisprudence his mistake proved an *alibi*, and the *alibi* proved a thrashing. Oh ! memory to thee I am indebted for a preface, and let an exact namesake of that tristful truant presume to speak of "*Æsthetics*." And I wonder whether he has chosen this subject in a deep spirit of revenge, intending to handle it as roughly as his namesake's hands were in the dear, dead years for

its sake. These crude thoughts are the results of a little leisure time gained in the pauses of my greater and graver duties. If you cannot digest this green fruit I beseech you, take an emetic in the shape of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, and the following remarks will do you no harm.

Æsthetics is the science of the Beautiful. Since science involves the idea of philosophy largely, we may expand the definition and denominate Æsthetics the philosophy of the Beautiful. This metaphysic is not "harsh" as dull fools suppose, for it underlies and overarches the noblest creations of genius. It deals with the subtle and shifting characteristics of fair thoughts and things, all pleasant and pleasure-giving facts or fancies. It concerns itself with the most mighty, and the most minute effects of nature and art. It penetrates past the exterior exhibitions of loveliness and insists on expounding the inner mysteries of mental harmony. It scales the awful altitude of the Alps or Himmaleh in quest of the majestic, and ponders over a mound or mossy knoll, observing the delicate delineations of Cosmos. It sails sublime on outspread pinions above great circles of the sea, noticing the flecking foam, hollow shadows, and wondrous pale green of high waves, and wets the tips of its wings like a swallow, in the surface of an alder-fringed lake, watching the long wrinkles of the wind-swept water. Eagle-wise it perches above storms, on peaks inaccessible, yet dove-like its cooing comes from the gables

and window corners of quiet cottages. It pursues, fleetest than a falcon, the changeful contour of clouds, aye, chases their sudden curving shapes, and captures them, but still it sits on fern girt stones, and gazes on the ripples of light and shadow, going over the meadows, and modulates the music of mind thereto. *Æsthetics* makes extremes meet. It not only lays zone parallel with zone, but rolls the spheres celestial and terrestrial till they collide in every inch of their circumference. The daisy and the star, the planet and the pansy, the constellation and the cluster of lilies in a lake, the azure of the ether and the blue of the ocean are reconciled in the operation of its principle. 'Tis the rainbow of science, spanning the clear concavity of heaven, with extremities indenting either end of the world. It purposes to arrive at the ultimate standard of beauty by inductive energy : to develop correct canons of criticism by pure processes of thought, to reduce fluent fancies into crystallized statements of truth, by exact demonstrations. It photographs the features of Past and Present, and with one touch of talismanic influence reveals their variations and resemblances. Neither the graceful languor of age, nor the flushed force of youth is alien to its scope. It examines with curious analysis the drapery of a peasant patched, but prolific of colour, and lifts the heavy purple robe of a prince to perceive the vestments studded with gems of value. Breathing, busy, boisterous life is huddled along with the inanimate fragments of death in its

Kaleidoscope. Dirt and diamonds, stately and stunted objects, common-places and originalities, prose and poetry, fiction and fact, wretched realisms and impassioned idealisms, in brief, everything and nothing, the ever and the never, the lights and the shadows of existence are the *material* of *Æsthetics*. Leaving details and tending towards the aim and end of our subject, let us simply state, that matter in its phenomena, mind in its myriad manifestations, are the high objects of the Beautiful Science. *Æsthetics* desires to attain by strict axioms to this conclusion, that in the variety of beauty there is an initial and accompanying unity, a spirit animating every member, a centre idea from whence the functions of pure fairness radiate to the circle of manifold art, and complex, natural phases. It endeavours to discover (ah! that it could quickly) the ultimate conditions of the lovely, the equipoise of original Beauty, the short reduction of things complex into the simple, and the construction of every ornament and elegance from rigid first principles. *Æsthetics* weighs atoms of the fine and forceful as Orientals weigh gems and pearls: she balances beauty against the *avoirduois* of the universe, and her highest triumph will be to polish these precious stones and place these pearls, so that she may set them in a coronet of golden sentences, wherewith to crown the Almighty Creator who made all things "very good." But though *Æsthetics* deals thus with the laws of harmonious combinations, constantly coming in contact with sensation and perception, it is as vague yet

as regards a pure science, yea, as vague as Metaphysics. For now-a-days every thinking man modifies the first principles, and no two persons agree on the fundamental facts of taste. And here I crave indulgence for the after sentences of this article since they roughly express my own thoughts on the laws of the beautiful. The material on which this science works, operates and speculates (the craft will understand the allusion) is as old as earth, and, if imagination be admitted as an element, older than earth, for the beauty of an eternity before the world was dazzles the soul of earnest men. But limiting the laws of *Æsthetics* to time, the philosophy of the beautiful is co-extensive and co-existent with the planet we inhabit. It surveys the Cosmos which was gradually evolved from Chaos, when the Word exercised His omnipotent will. Yet it is not of the earth, earthy. Dear ever to the poetic mind, despicable to the practical, a fair, firm figure to some, a phantom to not a few ; fostered and flourishing in the rich soil of ideality, criticized and condemned in the rapid working realm of reality ; delighting to dwell in the scope of civilization ; abhorred mostly in barbaric bounds ; always obtained by the earnest, searching, appreciative soul, but disdaining to be purchased by the gold of Ophir even, this Science *Æsthetical* has captivated grand intellects in all ages, and has rewarded them by that pure pleasure, the positive possession of beauty, past purchase in silver or golden talents. Indeed to indulge in general statements seeing that details are beyond my

present powers and time, this study of the beautiful, this language of all loveliness, this sculpture of splendour and exposition universal of arts, is like a certain symphony of Beethoven's wherein the multiplicity of parts are infused, spiritualized by a dominant motive not tyrannical, but true to the truth of its end. Hearken to the wondrous music of that symphony. You are conscious in listening that a continuous, constant undertone serves as the foundation whereon sweet, and sad, quick and slow, gay and solemn sounds arise, as if the music were masses of stone, and the piece an elaborate specimen of architecture, till, ending in one definite decadence of sound, you fancy the key-stone of this sound arch is complete, and the tender vibrations of air fixed in form forever. Such, however opaque, is my definition of *Æsthetics*, the science that borrows brightness, subdued lustre, shadow, pain, pleasure, substance and semblance from all that God has given to man, and weaving all into a strange tissue, clothes life with this manifold-hued garment called beauty. *Æsthetics* ought to be deeply religious, that is, below all furrows and fences of denomination, it should be like a spire always pointing to the mind which devised such rare designs out of the unfathomable depths of divinity. It should teach us how man alone can have the capacity to recognise the hand of God in the fluxions or fixity of plastic nature. A cow ruminating in the fields has no perception of the beauty manifest to the eyes of Wordsworth in the purple of clover or the whiteness of daisies.

Hence these clever Frenchmen have coined a word to express the principle of *Æsthetics*, which makes man differ from a monkey, and humanity from horses. *Spiritualisme* is the agreeable Gallic word; let not the often quoted word relative to table-turning turn the tables on the French word, there is no connection. Having thus attempted to hint at the definition of what is yet an impalpable, airy nothing without a local habitation, let us keep hold of the definition, and fare forward like pilgrims in the desert. I shall only visit the oases, allowing some greater intellect who may traverse the same track to lecture upon the sterile sands which in the nature of things must be full of multiplied, though minute, beauty. Meantime let us close with the subject. Beauty is perceived by the mind through the avenues and agency of five senses, and the more cultured the mind, the more pleasure-furnishing all appeals to it. The secret of beauty is not the result of accidentals, therefore to investigate the origin and direction of the forces, which control, connect or culminate it, is the object of *Æsthetics* proper. Accidentals for popular appreciation may be denominated generosity in a money lender, civility in the captain of a Cunarder to second class passengers, humility in a Bishop, trousers to a Highlandman, lack of bragging about their aristocracy on the part of Halifax, and ecstatic enthusiasm concerning the boat's crew that won the race from the Ward brothers on the credit of St. John.

Briefly then the inward touching and reflecting upon

the outward is the chief necessity for the existence of *Æsthetics*. In this science there are many pupils, but since the predictions of Plato, the hierophant of the *Æsthetical* is, undoubtedly, Victor Cousin who died recently. That ardent, intellectual soul, however dimmed by the problems of Descartes, is the chief expounder of the beautiful. He heard the splendid, yet specious philosophy of La Romiquère, with an enthusiasm only equalled by the delight of Prof. Wilson's students twenty-five years ago. The gay scholars of the Quartier Latin, Paris, crowded to hear Cousin lecture concerning *du vrai, du bien, et du beau*, in 1815, and forgot the finical pharmacopeia of Le Brun, and the poetical dissections of Du Mont, in their partiality for the new scientific *Savant*. The thunder of British guns were waking echoes in the wood of Soignes then, the cohorts of the Empire were lowering the eagle to the Majesty of the Lion, but Cousin chatted and his pupils cheered. I remember the strange sensation that thrilled me, when I managed to press through the Rue des Filles de la Madeleine, and entered the sombre hall where Victor Cousin developed the initial principles of the science I am now speaking about. I fancied the small space filled with his grand voice, it was only the echo of my own as I repeated parts from his magnificent volume. Cousin's fame was rapid in growth, not tardy like the olive fruit. The pale, intellectual, mellow-voiced young man moved men to consider his wonderful thoughts, and the society of Paris praised

the youthful, truthful prophet of beauty. Pardon my devotion to this genuine genius. All honour to him, although all his sentiments are not to be endorsed. His burning love for the beautiful made him vehement. He lavished the powers of gifted intellect in the worship of fairness, and it grieves me to add that he often missed the Creator in seeking the created. They tell us in weird but artistic German legend, that a Knight, Sir Froder by name, never rode into the tournament lists with levelled lance for the merits of mortal maiden. No silken scarf, that had been bound round the neck of gentle lady, fluttered pennon-wise from the point of his ponderous spear; no glove lately drawn from the smooth, blue-veined, white, shapely hand of a beautiful woman was attached to his casque. Never did he nerve himself for the fight in the arena of chivalry by uttering aloud any earthly queen or maiden's name. But a band of gold waved well according to early art, representing a woman's rippling amber hair, surrounded his helmet, and gleamed on the pallor of his brow; and on his shield was blazoned in golden letters large and legible this one word "Aslauga." Once the Knight had read in the records of Eld, writ in mysterious Runic rhymes, respecting a King's daughter, and a King's wife who had been entombed an hundred years and three. Her history to the perusing Knight was so tender and true; so self-denying and mistaken, that Sir Froder so full of old and soft associations chose her, the Lily of Den-

mark, as his Ideal. And the brief, beautiful, loving life of the long entombed Queen caused the young knight to dedicate himself to the service of a mere memory, the abstraction of a Platonic love. Elected by himself to her cause, he was known among men as Aslauga's Knight. Ever glorying in a dream of amber hair, blue pensive eyes, like dew-wet violets growing on graves, and a sweet sensitive mouth, he entered the lists and in the turmoil of the tilt ran well against all comers for the honour of the long-buried lady. So a soft tradition clung to his hard, iron nature, even as lichens cover the barren crags. Much like this knight of Northland is Cousin, the brilliant expositor of the Beautiful, the chivalrous champion of an Ideal. He is so captivated with this sweet abstraction, that he does not trouble himself with actualities of existence. Hence he is slightly Quixotic at times, and one hardly cares to risk a reputation for common sense, by playing Sancho Panza to his knight of La Mancha, by attacking windmills, or sallying on sheep. Yet if you care to mark skill in the use of the rapier, if the parry and thrust of a dexterous fencer please your taste Cousin can entertain and instruct. His language is in general level to the most cultured minds, but able to be understood by a peasant. He is thoroughly French, but perfectly cosmopolitan; better, however, in the original, than in the languid, often incorrect, and, always commonplace English of Harriet Martineau's translation. Let us glance at the material of the Science. We are indebted to the Ger-

mans for many happy technical terms, and among them these two words, subjective and objective. Our worthy grandmothers who did not disdain to conceal their heads from the cold by tunnel shaped bonnets (if they saw the present Parisian style !), would have stared had their popular preachers uttered subjective or objective. They would have taxed the divine's new-fangled definitions with more rigour than a Judge taxing the "costs" of a barrister. They would have detected the faint odours of heresy in them ; they would have made severe strictures on the elaborate discourse in which the obnoxious epithets occurred, over that crucial test, a cup of tea. But these are capital and expressive words when we comprehend their force. Just as the universe is divided into two substances, mind and matter, thoughts and things, these two terms are well-fitted to express the duality of every manifestation, the double idea in all phenomena, mental or physical. Subjective refers to facts as related to mind, objective to appearances connected with matter. For instance, to avoid vague sentences in metaphysical language, Sir Walter Scott's writings are eminently objective. So are Macaulay's and Gibbon's histories. These writers describe even with minute delineations what is outward or external. Of course they are not always objective, but such is the general characteristic of their works. They do not suggest ; the reader is gratified and satisfied with the narration, but the style of the author does not force one to derive problems for personal solution by perusing

his works. On the other hand, Coleridge's poetry and De Quincey's prose are largely subjective. The thought of the writers is interfused with their works. Take even that most wonderful and descriptive poem, the "Ancient Mariner" and at every verse fancy flies off at a tangent. To me it seems that the very spirit of subjectivity is in suggestion. To illustrate this position, perhaps, more pointedly by painting. The works of Millais, Turner, and Guido, are suggestive in the extreme. Other painters, such as Wilkie, Raphael, and Holman Hunt, tell the story in the picture. But the former artists make the mere colouring and character of their pieces a medium through which thought goes into infinite distances. Their pictures set you day-dreaming. I saw the whole history of Italy from the days of wolf-suckled Romulus to Garibaldi, in Turner's Italian landscapes. The pines in the foreground, the fair structures, the far blue waters, the terrible strong mountains in his splendid works, did not, of course, give me an idea of Rome's battles in the days of the commonwealth or her desolation in the middle ages. But his pictures certainly suggested, and, at once, the glories and grandeur that were gone. And one hour before Guido's "Ecce Homo" is a commentary on the Gospel of John. I have not made this plain enough, I fear, and as a last venture let us look at novel writers. Thackeray in English, Balzac in French, Richter in German, are subjective. They deal with society as fairly in their descriptions as an objective author, but they bring something

more out that sets you thinking. Miss Braddon is not so. She creates men and women to make them miserable or criminal ; kills them to slow sensational music ; buries in very pretty and sometimes pathetic paragraphs ; but still never does the heart good by her writing, for it is the veneering and varnishing of objective writing—surface-work entirely. Beauty is either subjective or objective, each is the complement of the other ; like the first diagram of Euclid, these circles intersect each other, and in the embraced segments the truth of beauty is contained. One is soul, the other body, and there is an interaction of both which give the highest results of beauty. Objective beauty may please without the aid of the subjective, it is to be perceived, above, about, around us, blowing underfoot in flowers, pulsing overhead in stars. It appeals to all, literate or illiterate, ploughman or philosopher, the man accustomed to grasp frigid intellectualities by developed faculties, and the man who turns the furrow with enduring toil gladdened by groups of primroses, foxgloves nestling under the shadow of hedges, or the great clouds barring the blueness of the sky. This appreciation of the loveliness on land and sea, is gratifying and desirable. It is an education, but it is only the first degree in these mysteries of fair things. The curtain fairly figured, but no more. Many men are as much refreshed by the delicate device and tender tints of the daisy as Wordsworth was, but the form and colour of the flower were only a means, not the end of beauty to him. For he is the great-

est subjective poet of England, seeing that he deals mostly with the objects of Nature. Subjective beauty is taking the objective as a text and letting the soul sermonize thereon. It is the evolution of associations and suggestions ; the spiritualizing of the fair front of things. Take a Lowland farmer, whose diligent and laudable labour on the earth, has prevented him from the study of old-world history, and place him on the memorable field of Marathon where the Mede stept back from the fierce onset of the Greeks. Ask his opinion of the place. His eye, educated to an exact estimate of the qualities of soils roams over part of the plain. He stoops, and with sturdy fingers collects a few ounces of clay. After as much inspection as is usually spent by a purchaser of flour, he pronounces that "this meedie wad give guid gress providin' a wheen cart-loads o' top dressin' were pit on it." But Byron, musing an hour alone, effloresces and effervesces in an ode to the memory of the Marathonian warriors who manfully fell against great odds, fighting with their fallen faces set towards the stricken foemen. The element then that distinguishes mere objective beauty, from subjective, is the close connection of the soul's energy with the latter. For the æsthetical is not that which serves the senses alone. The taste of a grape's succulence is sweet, but it is not beautiful ; and to shew that the ultimate ideas of the beautiful reach further than sensation, or the fibres of feeling, you find that individual antipathy or approbation, disturbs what ought to be the unvarying canons of

perception by the senses. If these senses were all that appreciated the Beautiful, considering the universal structure of the organs of sight, and smell, and their operations in healthy activity, were there no principle of testing το καλον than what is contained in them, the elements of beauty would be in a confused condition. The fragrance of musk is pleasing to some ; others have to call in the aid of the servant of the senses, the hand, to prevent this odour from irritating the nose-nerves. The sight of lightning is agony to one person, another watches it with delight dividing the darkness like God's sword of vengeance. The bag-pipe was most discordant to the ears of Master Wm. Shakespeare when he heard it "sing i' the drone," but Donald McDonald, Dugald's son, would follow that sound into the heaviest masses of cannon, cavalry, and infantry, ever hurled against the banner of Britain ; yes, the mighty impulse of the Celt would leap out like sparks from molten metal, when the pibroch passionately screamed the slogan, and his valorous soul would be shaken with a stormy sorrow, remembering slain companions when the pipes after the fight, filled the gathering gloaming with that moaning lament "We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." The aroma of heliotrope caused a poet to swoon. The touch of velvet sets one's teeth on edge. I know a man who would rather handle a hot potato than a peach, the former he deems a lesser evil. Hence, there is no unvarying, universal creed, concerning the functions of beauty to be derived from the unassisted sense, for as

the ancients pithily put it, "there is no disputation respecting tastes." The senses convey impressions of the objective, but the inner elements, the eyes of the soul opened to inspect deeper manifestations, are necessary, ere the highest estimate of God's beautiful world can be gained. Nor is the riddle of beauty wholly solved by that which evokes pleasant emotions, or those pathetic moods, wherein the soul derives a certain pleasure from sadness. For here again temperament, mental bias, education, association of scenery or friends, regulate the degree of pleasure felt. The very order of soft words in a sentence, as well as the genuine sentiment they clasp, as golden setting doth some gem, is enjoyed by an individual, and he therefore gains a double delight. I have seen a strong-minded woman, manifest the emotion of wonder, while gazing from the vale of Chamouni, on the intense altitude of Mont Blanc, but she ate all the time very heartily from the drumstick of a cold chicken, and appeared as interested in the meat, as the mountain; whereas, an English law student, not far from her ladyship, grew pale as he stood uncovered before the monarch of mountains. Between these two the emotion of admiration was not equally shared. Take that exquisite air in *Gonod's* grandest opera "*Faust*" "*Par la telle d'amor o care fiore*," and let a mixed company speak of its merits. "Pretty," "short and sweet," "plaintive," "pathetic," these are customary epithets attached to it. Here, however, in this brief song, a man deeply versed in the inexpressible majesty of music will

discover the palpitation of beauty. The simplicity, the gradual expansion of a strong overpowering passion, the wild lengths and breadths of a love, looking death in the face, but faithful for evermore, the shrill wail, sudden and swift, succeeded by a dull moan of sorrow, not pierced by sobbing notes, for these would break the gloom of the hopeless emotion and point to coming smiles, and the low lisping language of love. The aim of the song is to utter a woe that will be a life-long weight ; fetters from which the wrists will not be freed till death's breath dries the tears on passion-pained faces. And the ending sounds are more mournful than the sough of twilight wind waving the sombre foliage of the cypress above graves, more tender than whispers of sere autumn ferns sorrowing over the dead summer fairness ; and more desolate than the chiming cadence of long sea-waves dashing, dashing drearily against iron-bound shores, under the glow and glamour of the winter morn's keen clear crescent shining in skies refined by frost from every misty atom, and giving free facility for the sight of great constellations, pulsing planets, Venus fervid in lustre, Mars trembling like a suspended drop of blood, and the stars shivering seemingly high above the icy atmosphere. Well, what is the Beautiful ? State it in precise words, reduce it to a universal expression, divest it of the accidentals of taste (or sensation) and emotion, and present it in its nude original, its first principles. But this is what cannot be done, for the essence of *Æsthetics* is invisible. You cannot, by the most

exact instruments, microscopic or telescopic, find it. Beauty abides in all things and thoughts that are fair, but living spiritually, she hides from mortal gaze. Like the Egyptian statue of Isis, she is concealed by a veil which our fingers cannot curiously lift. Only her outlines, not her substance are revealed by that enveloping tissue. Still theory can construct her component parts. Cousin positively affirms that the old theory "Beauty is unity and variety," must be taken as the true one. But this is merely half true, and a semi-truth is valuable only as a means. A serpent's shape combines unity and variety, so does a dove's, but the former is loathsome, the latter lovely. The configuration of a camel displays unity and variety, but his hump makes him hideous when placed near a handsome Arabian horse, that has spurned the sands of Arabia the Stony. Mark, there is a beautiful adaptation of parts to purposes in the camel, an adjustment of functions to conditions of climate, but this is not what we call *par excellence* the Beautiful. Cousin did not gain the right definition though had he just given the title of his book as the equivalent answer to "What is the Beautiful?" he would have come nearer the mark. Allow, an humble scholar of this science to define what seems to him all that we can infer relative to the beautiful. There is a beauty purely intellectual, a beauty purely emotional, and a beauty purely moral. The blending of these three constitutes, in my humble opinion, the last and best function of Beauty. In one ray of light there are three elements,

the luminous, caloric, and the chymical. So in the truest type of Beauty there are three qualities. The circles and curves in a theorem of geometry, include that beauty which appeal to intellect alone. The grave or gay sounds touching the silver or golden chords of our emotions ; the dirge depressing with sorrow in its heart-aching sweetness ; the ditty thronged with throbbing ecstatic notes elevating the soul to sun-lit peaks of Joyaunce ; a statue of Niobe mute in her marble anguish because bereft of children ; the tense muscles of Laocoon and his boys struggling in the closing, crushing coils of the serpent ; the droop of ancient yews, from whence rain drips and stains memorial headstones ; the breaking of the breaker as it scatters its foaming force on the beach ; the weird music of pine trees, the rhythm of hill and valley, and the hollow falling of clay clods on the coffinlid of our dear dead descending into the grave, these find response in the emotional part of our nature. And further, the generosity of alms-giving the "Christ like characteristic of charity, the nobility of forgiving" the sublimity of resignation, these actions and exercises of virtue, sensibly affect the moral nature. So that a mathematician who never notices a daisy, pursuing at midnight in elaborate calculations the pleasures of the cycloid, rapt in the completeness of a circle, realizing fully the relation of lines to angles, has an appreciation of beauty, though it be partial. A pale-faced needle-woman, gazing with tear-wet eyes at the geranium in a cracked dish that serves as flower-pot, has also an emo-

tion of beauty that leads her out of the dingy, broken garret into the gardens in beautiful country places, and crowns her in earnest imagination with the chaplets of the acted darling years; and a teacher observing the manly interference of a pupil, in behalf of a little lad bullied by these tyrant big fellows, is impressed with the moral beauty of the action. But I believe that the whole soul in its harmonious exercise of its triune unity, intellect, emotions and moral nature, appropriates the Beautiful at its best, and this is my ideal of Beauty. The science is still young in its laws. Let us trust that thoughtful men, pure at heart and with eyes evermore in search of the designs of Omnipotence in Nature, may yet develope and delineate the truths of *Æsthetics* more clearly. Hitherto fragmentary aids and auxiliaries have come forward. We have but the spectacle and fragrance of intention's blossoms, not the ripe, rich clusters. The sensuous tinge of Richter, that prince in German prose, has overlaid his wonderful guesses at truth. His writings only allow the beautiful to peer forth at times, even as the nun's white face gazes from the grated windows of some well-proportioned Gothic convent. Cousin's idealism throws him over, when vaulting into the saddle. Burke, whom Ireland, that Mother of gifted and eloquent sons justly reveres, in his treatise is too mechanical. He is rather a legislator of facts already found. And John Ruskin, albeit that bitter Blackwood's Magazine has decried his works, has come nearer than any to the Beautiful. Using

language truer and more splendid than oriental poetry, he has revealed the glow of nature, but he has narrowed himself to the pathway of art. Professor Wilson, though the author of prose poems on the good and beautiful, is what the French call "*riant*," and as erratic as a comet. May the day soon dawn when the comparatively obscure science of *Æsthetics* will rank with her severe sisters, Astronomy and Geology ; when she will stand between them as the reconciler, arrayed in her purple robes and gleaming with gems, the reconciler of these extremes, the heavens and the earth, which God made very good, and whose goodness is reflected from the mask of beauty. The genius of Astronomy was once vague and errant. How high and firmly fixed she stands now, though once she was the slavish handmaid of Astrology, when the Chaldean shepherds made her give false reports concerning the planets. The spirit of Geology once blundered sadly, but daily she speaks more distinctly and verifies her utterances. Oh, for the appearing of some master mind who shall select the problems of beauty as the specialties of his study, and make her fairer, freer, finer ; who shall hold the good, define the true, reject the false, and like that hero of old, Perseus, coming on winged sandals, shaming the wind with the speed of his fleet feet, loose the manacles that hamper *Æsthetics*, even as the fetters of Andromedon were riven from the rock by that bold boy safe under the ægis of Pallas Athenè. In a lecture professing to treat of the popular aspect of this

subject, perhaps it may be better to forsake the strictly scientific side of the Beautiful, and speak of these objects and arts which furnish the phenomena of loveliness. And first, to the facts of nature, for these are ever near. There is a passage in Shakespeare which proves the marvellous genius of him finely. You all know what a fellow poor Sir John Falstaff is, how he is a braggart, but a coward ; a borrower, but no lender ; a misleader of the King's son ; a sponge upon forlorn women, and generally a swash-buckler of a knave. Yet the carnality of his heart does not hurt an excellent wit. Shakespeare serves Sir John as Izaak did the worm, he impales him on the hook of satire, but so tenderly, as if he loved him. Sir John is mortal, he must die, and here the genius of Shakespeare is shown in his delicate handling of the matter of death. The ruling, rollicking passion of this Knight must come out strong in dying, the humorous element must mingle in the last draught Falstaff will drink. Both horns of the dilemma, the sad and the satirical must be taken hold of, humour and pathos must close the swaggering, sack-drinker's days. How is it to be done though ? Surely the mournful scene would be made horrible by jests ; our humanity would shudder even if Shakespeare should travesty with wit the last scene of all. And yet, according to the rules of art, Falstaff must die in his character, that is "the humour of it," as well as "the pity of it, Iago the pity of it." Now perceive the power of genius. By making that

ancient representative of Madame Malapropos or Mrs. Partington tell the tale in her querulous, simple way of how the obese Knight went out with the tide, Shakespeare introduces a grotesque feature in things very sorrowful. Quaintly, queerly, Dame Quickly narrates that "his nose grew as sharp as a pen and 'a babbled o' green fields.'" I have selected the pathetic passage, read the whole part and you will find how subtilely the grave and gay are blended. Ah! yes the old Knight "babbled o' green fields at the last." Nature was the chief fact in this life narrowing and nearing to the full stop of death. To him there dying as the casement slowly grew a glimmering square, and the hum of Eastcheap made no merry noise to dull ears, his memory went back to English meadows out of London, the hawthorns, the violets and the primroses faded long years ago. How sweet is that expression "a babbled o' green fields," the inevitable beauty of nature arises from it, the verdant vitality is in close contact with dissolution. Dying after a hard, wild life, wherein the chimes at midnight toll slowly, Sir John dying, the gay green fields before his fainting visions, dying with the lowing of kine coming from pastoral places, the shadows of oaks and elms aslant on the sward; dying with the perfume of purple clover blooms, wafted from the dewy dale and dingles of Devon, dying, and childlike relapsing into the past, "babbling o' green fields!" Ah gentle Will Shakespeare, this short scene were sufficient to make thee notable forever. In

the green fields Beauty is an everyday wanderer. Trees grow now as noiselessly as they did in Paradise terrestrial, and to-night, when wind, that grand old harper, smites his sounding harp of pines, the voice of God is heard among the trees. The effects of nature are sublime or simple ; there is Mont Blanc and Scheallion, the haughty Himalaya range brooding in broad shadows, the enervated Asiatics and an almost obsolete idolatry, and there is the lower Scottish hills, the stony girdle of the Grampians, that the spirit of the unconquered nationality wears. The noise of Niagara falling, foaming, flooding evermore, awes the hearer now as it did that solitary Jesuit two hundred years ago, and the soft, lulling lapse of some stream slipping through fertile fields, never drawn in a map, moves the listener also, and causes him to compare it to quiet life, rich in good deeds, yet not known in the annals of fame. Nature is ever fair in every phase. We are all sensitive to some features of her beauty. She woos the soul in her delicate delights ; she impassions it in her grand effects. In the spring time, garmented in green, like the maidens of Erin, when the high halls of Tara were full of mirth and music, Beauty appears wondrously noble. She strays through the lands, and wherever her tender feet press the cold clods, the bell-shaped buds burst forth and fill the traces of her paces with languid blossoms. She touches the boughs and the tiny leaves tremble into being. She stands on bleak sea-coasts and calls those

sweet deserters, the birds, back again to build in limes and fresh fragrant firs ; she dies, crowned with May buds streaked with paly-pink, to utter the innocence and purity of her season. Again, the Summer builds for her pleasuring, a glorious palace, roofed with azure and gold, confined by the stout pillars of trees echoing to winds and carollings, wherein a subtle sorceress, she sits and weaves the apparel wherewith to clothe Beauty's body. She forms the tissue of vesture from ruddy rose-petals, blank brightness of lilies, sunshine strained through drowsy air and shadowing leaves ; she weaves from dawn till dusk with a quick flashing shuttle that mingles the warp of gold and the woof of silver, weaves singing these rare roundelays that run through the romances of love, weaves till the dewfall wets her web and moistens her eyes at the appearing of Hesperus. And although it touch one with a tremulous tearfulness, a chaste melancholy, how fair, fatal fair, is the autumnal time which we call the "Fall" here. The clime of Italy can have no such skies as we have in Autumn. The air is pure, perceptible then ; it is no idle figure of speech to say that one drinks delightful draughts of the atmosphere in September days. Beauty is like a realmless queen with no one to defend her from the bitter breath of slander. How torn her royal garment, but still regal in the colouring. I have seen an antique Missal in the Church of Aix la Chapelle over which Charlemagne murmured his prayers. "The Miserere" is dismal and dolorous in the hues of its char-

acters, but evermore from initial to colophon there are red, amber and purple letters. Such is the death season here, rubricated in the underwoods of maple. Perhaps the most completely beautiful natural object is a tree. Each possesses a peculiar beauty. There is the smooth, grey-boled beech, its root rising out of earth like a high instep ; the elm most graceful and, seemingly to fancy, conscious of its figure, ever striking attitudes ; the birch lissome as wily Vivien ; the poplar shuddering and shivering like a timid child ; the fir like a faithful friend, tried in adversity or prosperity, the same in summer and winter, growing in our north lands to tell us nature is not dead but sleeping, and the pine my best beloved of all, a very prophet in his utterances, a strange, isolated tree ; the charmer of tired brain when the rain upon the dank grass is beating, beating wearily. Are not these the exponents of beauty, are these not rife and rich in our forests ? Then rivers, how much fairness in their shallows and depths, their weakness and strength ? No marvel that the Hebrew captives remembered Jordan and the country it intersected as they sat by Chebar with the home-woe in their hearts, and their harps hanging on the mourning willows. Old Nile himself, hiding his head in Ethiopian mysteries, was as full of solemn beauty to the eyes of Speke and Baker, as when centuries ago the galley of Cleopatra divided his waters with sharp keel, and shadowed him with the wings of its silken sails ; and drowned his thin reedy voice with the clash and

clangour of innumerable Egyptian instruments. Still the oldest town in the world, Syrian Damascus lies along in reclining attitude, the rivers Abana and Pharpha laving her feet in the cool waters that flow from Lebanon where the cedars for Solomon were hewn. And that lone Syrian town gains a grace from the twin streams that rush past its hoary walls. And I remember in this connexion a mellow afternoon spent by the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone, reading Ruskin, while the rhythm of the river made music to the rise and fall of his glorious sentences. Then mountains, alas! my weak words cannot ascend their majesty, they grovel at the base. The hills uplift, coerce our vision. You may pass the beauties of the plain, but you dare not avoid the mountains else they haunt you. They are masses of stupendous passive power. They exist while cultivation changes the face of lowlands. Their symmetry is not altered by time nor toil. They are the ramparts of freedom, and stern, unyielding as they ought to be. The Swiss glories in his Alps, though barren, bleak and draped with snow, because they afforded shelter to his ancestors. Jura is the peak of justice to him. The Bernese range represents a thousand struggles and these eternal monuments keep the fame of the bold forever. The repose, the calmness, the continuous prominence are chief facts in nature. With Wordsworth in one hand, and a stout staff in the other, who would not climb the flanks of Skiddaw, or pause on the brow of Ben Nevis to watch the wind lift the

heather on the slopes, the clouds changing in colour and forms, as they pass westward like gigantic ghosts to pour rain on the rough seas chafing the island of Skye? Or mark the sun rise from the windless peak of lower Alp. (Let me describe a dawn there.) Below is a long valley broader than the water space between Halifax and Dartmouth, and in the grey confused atmosphere you detect chalets with the invariable triple columns of dark-blue smoke, standing sentinel over the roofs. The hints of a river's existence at the base, are gained by a slow, rolling noise like twenty printing presses in motion, and the steely glimpses of fluent water. It is dark enough on top to hinder you from discerning the sleepy eyes of your nearest neighbour. A quarter of an hour intervenes during which the irrepressible Cockney pronounces positive maledictions on his ill-drawing cigar. Then an audible snore startles the guides and *La bête noire* passes from mouth to mouth awakening the drowsy fellow. You begin to speculate on the chances of the food and fluid holding out till you descend into the inhabited regions, you think of the farce that would ensue if the sun rose in mist. You wish for a feather bed and two pillows. At last we are all "noddin', ned, ned noddin'," till an enthusiast cries "Look there." And looking, one is conscious of a warfare in the east. The dense clouds are cut by lines of feeble light, yellow as the sovereign you gave that garrulous guide to stop his mouth yesterday. And the yellow increases to amber, and the amber

leaps into livid purple and at length the whole horizon is striped with bars of crimson. The slumbering clouds are stirred as a slow strong breeze shakes itself from sloth. Hardly have your eyes rejoiced in the warm colours, when a semi-cirque more glorious than the minaret of a mosque comes calmly through the clouds, grows into a golden shield, overflows the heavens with light, and stains the snow at your feet with molten gold. And rubbing drowsy eyes you see peak and pinnacle, rise, grow, glow and glisten in the dawning of day and you are lost in the summit broken horizon of Switzerland. I daresay at some time or other the magnificence of mountains has overpowered us. It is most perplexing to the students of the Beautiful why hills cling to memory. The peasant from the Pays de Vaud, exercising his loose muscle in Piccadilly with an organ and a monkey, is half the time meditating upon his native canton. Poor fellow, it's no wonder he gets moist about the eyelids when grinding out "Home sweet Home" for the especial delectation of *Les Anglais*, for his heart is in the heart of the hills, and their far-cast shadows are symbolic of his mental condition. I know the practical Gradgrinds go against such stuff, as they are pleased to term it. They would weigh sentiment by the ounce like indigo. Their estimate of poetry comes up to the standard of Mr. Weller, Senr. "It's low" to them. And nevertheless I believe that the pursuit of the Beautiful (not spooning on the girls, my dear young

fellows) is most beneficial. Still do not make it the absorbing idea of life. Grapple and wrestle with fierce facts of existence like men, let this study be an amusement, a luxury. During the days when chivalry was vital there dwelt in Germany a noble knight named Tannhauser. It was fabled that the deities of Olympus grew dumb at the incarnation of our Christ, and fled for refuge into many lands. Venus the goddess of Beauty, came to Thuringenwald and hid herself in a marvellous bower in the hill Horsel. Now Tannhauser was brave and Christian, but he longed to get a glimpse of the fallen, beautiful Queen. So one dawn he departed from his betrothed, wandered far and wide till he came to Horsel. The wan, weak light was fainting westward, the noise of the owls was dismal, the shadows of the trees were increasing in length and strength, and while the Knight mused, his meditation of the quest of Beauty was broken by the features of Beautiful Venus, peering from a glimmering glade. Thereafter very sorrowfully does the old rhyme run, for it tells now that Tannhauser followed the luring face into the dusky alcove of leaves and he was lost in the deepening darkness. Nevermore was his voice heard intoning soft, silvery psalms at Matins or Vespers in the holy house of God. Nevermore did he battle for the right in defence of kin and fatherland. Nevermore did he walk in the moonlight with the fair companion that wailed for his loss. Nevermore, nevermore, such is the burden of the ballad and its finis

is frigid in the contemplation of a dead woman whose heart was broken. To me there is much meaning in the rhyme as I read it. Love the Beautiful, yet neglect not the duties incumbent on life. Realize the ideal, but do not risk happiness in following phantoms. When Charlemagne's great Knight fell crushed by the crags which the ambushed Saracens rolled down from the precipices of Roncesvalles, the wondrous blast of his bugle blown by his dying mouth, recalled the high and puissant monarch to find his favourite Paladin passing into that silent Beyond, where there is neither blare of trumpet nor noise of pain. The lisp of the leaves, the ripple of rain, the unvexed flow of a stream and the blue brightness of the gentian blooms were about dead Roland and his peers. And in that wet, woful day, Charlemagne sat beside the corpses of his companions-in-arms, bewailing bitterly the cruel destruction of his band. Life in the luxuriance of nature, death in the fixed faces of his friends, beauty in the trees, hills, water and flowers, blankness in the motionless bodies of his darling Knights, these extremes met in the valley of Roncesvalles, and Charlemagne raised a dirge over Roland, but the fairness of what was near to crept into the elegy, wherefore the pure pathos of his strain had somewhat of joyousness in it, because the Beautiful drew him closer to the living God in his outburst of grief and augmented the hope of faith. Thus dead Roland was lamented, and in such brave, tender fashion, that the strong song was sung by

the followers of Norman William, after they had closed and clashed with Harold at Hastings. When the Norman lions watched the field that night, all rampant in the banner folds of Duke William's standard, when English king and English yeomen lay cold and stark in the dewfall, the victors by their watch fires voiced the old elegy that a monarch made over Roland at Roncesvalles for the conquerors honoured the chivalry of the slaughtered Saxons. The very association of the Beautiful in things sorrowful refines our grief, soothes our woe, helps hope and aids faith.

ABOUT PLAGIARISM.

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IN this eminently civilized century there are well-devised laws for the protection of property and the punishment of theft. It is, therefore, very difficult to be a robber now-a-days. The science of stealing requires varied and vast abilities. Dick Turpin could not purchase oats for Black Bess with the meagre proceeds of the highway business at the present time. Claude Duval's daring raids would not allow him to indulge in the luxury of pomatum for his curls. Fancy one of these bold blades calling upon a London railway to stand and deliver! If Taffy, who is a proverbial peculator, known even in nurseries, steal the meat or *bone* the marrow bone, on which I purpose dining, he is generally marked by the unfilmed, eagle-eye of the law. For his dishonest, carnivorous tendency he is incarcerated and exercises his muscle on the tread-mill. My heart is not glad at this; nay, I am sorry that he did not ask for a bite and so avoid a serious breach of the eighth commandment. To relieve the Welshman's hunger I would probably have imitated Alfred of old, giving him the larger half of my food, thus preventing commission of crime. But when

Taffy *has* stolen, and is wanted by No. 35, Scotland Yard, Society is protected from the fraudulent fellow by fettering him. Though he plead lineal descent from Armoric Knights or Cadwallader's seventy-fourth cousin, he must eat his leek in a cell. Legality is thus strict in its findings on felony. Yet if the poor wretch who steals meat or money, often from extreme necessity, is so strictly dealt with, why is a literary thief so often set free, or rather, not apprehended? Bulwer stands indicted for fearful wholesale robberies from German authors, yet he is an honourable man in the world of letters, and responds to toasts eulogistic of "The Profession" at literary dinners. His son, under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, out-Herods his father. Charles Reade, in design and detail, is a corrupt cribber from better writers, and earns thousands for his works. The Rev. Alfred Wishwash preaches other men's discourses, and yet his flock adore him as much as they do themselves. Of course these quoted cases do not filch everything. Still they steal other people's ideas and language, thus destroying the reputation that might have been sustained on their own basis.

Plagiarism is literary felony. Hence the necessity of a court and a code of laws to prevent any petty or grave larceny in letters. Is there such a tribunal? Yes, in the Reviews and Magazines. The Quarterly, North British, Westminster and Edinburgh, may be called the four famous "inns of court" that train those literary lawyers—the critics. However, we cannot say that the

canons of criticism have assumed the shape of a code. The standards of taste change, and probably there will be few philosophical principles wherewith to estimate fully and fairly, the Protean issues of genius. The meditative Hindoo, evolving Vedas from a soul languid in its process and vague in its effects, could not comprehend the myriad avatars of Vishnu or Brahma, nor do I think that critics will ever agree in the principles of style or the various values of thought. What Carlyle condemns, Lewis will praise, and the logical Mill will discover fatal flaws in a work wherein Professor Shairp will find few faults. The functions of the critic are chiefly to watch over the interests of authors, to administer judicious praise and encouragement to the worthy, to discern early the tentative efforts of original minds, to dissuade imbecility from spoiling paper, to mark the mutations of literature, and to touch with sharp lance plagiarists. This last is an important office. It is part of the eternal idea of Right. Hence these true Ithuriels of the press are greatly needed. And although very often interest or jealousy provoke men to assail genius with the keenness of Jeffrey and the clearness of Aytoun, the profession of proper criticism ought not to be howled at indiscriminately. Indeed, writers who are original care not for the narrow, shallow, partial review of their works immediately after their appearance. They trust to time. They say with Horace, *non omnis moriar*. Having faith in the future, when frothy misapprehension or cavilling

malice have subsided, they expect recognition, and can afford temporary eclipse by the heavy articles of the Reviews. Often, too, the critics, from many causes, are at fault. Genial Christopher North himself failed to realize the fact that the author of "Claribel" and "The Talking Oak" was an effective factor, or rather a great co-efficient, in modern poetry. The sincere critic that sums up the evidence in favour of a book, and presents it to the reading world, as to a jury, discharges a great duty. I am off the track though, as the subject of this paper is Plagiarism, not Criticism.

When some donkey, deeming the dear or gentle reader as obtuse as himself, dons the lion's skin, it behoves a just reviewer to strip him promptly and expose his natural qualities, although the asinine ears be hurt in the handling. This is an easy operation in most instances of obtaining audience under false pretences. The singing robes of Shelley, Byron, Keats, the two Brownings and Tennyson, are so well known now that thievish wearers are instantly arrested. The texture of the stuff in which the true poet arrays himself or herself, has obtained as universal notoriety as Horrock's cottons. The fashion of Tennyson's raiment is like his photograph—current, therefore we stop at the first line of *original stanzas* and turn the page quickly when the Laureate's sentiments in patch-work fret us. Oh! it is not hard to find an imitation or a stolen thought! The presence of a valuable gem along with the absence of five shillings in a ticket-of-

leave man's pocket suggests suspicion, and the vigilant policeman keeps an inevitable eye on that same seedy party. Further, if the jewel, watched in such circumstances, match those worn by a prince, two earnest eyes are at the service of the aforesaid suspected one. And finally should the gem, bulging out the filthy pocket of a pair of moleskins, be found faithfully fitting into the vacant socket of the prince's coronet, then Policeman X. flashes a bull's eye on the face of the robber, and says, "You're spotted; it's all up; come along quietly and get seven years you know," and that's finished all right. Although not apposite in minor things this case is similar in literature. When a critic finds an exquisite gem of thought in a wretched poetaster's verse, he has good grounds for suspecting theft from another. When he reads the identical idea in literary peer's crown of song, he justly enough concludes that there is something wrong. Especially, if the poetaster has the misfortune to be born some years later than the acknowledged author, who used the sentiment suspected of being stolen, when the poetaster was construing Sallust, the inference is as rigid as the "therefore" of a syllogism, the beautiful line belongs to the better and earlier poet. This is the extreme statement of the matter, remember, and by no means negatives the very remote possibility, that a meaner and later mind might conceive of an identical analogy used by Milton. There are instances, within this ultimate conclusion, which give the benefit of the

doubt to those not over-dowered with genius. It is possible that a flippant mind may strike out the same sentiment as Shakspeare. Bailie Nichol Jarvie caught some "glimmerings in the creature" whom he despised as a stupid Highlander, under the sway of Rob Roy. Referring to my remark about Shakspeare, I may hazard this, that because the great Englishman worked on the level of nature and made *common* things the material for the immense dome of his dramas, it is highly probable that many a lesser soul has felt similar sentiments; but one shall ever detect imitation by the *manner of expression*. Poets express the emotions of others as well as their own. Hence in the *uttering* of this counterfeit coin we find out the cheat. Allowing the possibility and probability of gleams in an opaque intellect, it is certainly true that such exceptional persons will lie under the charge of theft. In the case of those who *are* honest, one can only say, they are more to be commiserated than Victor Hugo's *Miserables*. There is no help for them; they must toe the mark and suffer the scourge, albeit guiltless. Charity alone can add balm to their cuts, and the advice of sympathizing friends should run thus: "Be calm in the consciousness of integrity." Yet such possible conditions are so few; nay, the hopelessness of generally proving the honesty of the persons under sentence is so apparent, that we may send their causes into the chancery of Letters.

Again, coincidences are not always direct evidence of

plagiarism. It is notable how poets (to take one class), writing in different languages, unknown and untranslated to each other, have uttered like sayings. In the cases of inventions and discoveries (ought these not to be reckoned the same things?), there are events which prove that individuals at the same time, or at brief intervals, have tripped upon similar facts. Steam, telegraphy, and the last named planet furnish examples. I have found identities of idea in Sophocles and Shakspeare; nor is it going too far to assert, that gentle Will (who, according to the learned brick-layer, Ben Jonson, 'knew little Latin and less Greek,') was not intimate with the author of the sixth and perfect form of Grecian tragedy, the man who read *Œdipus at columns*. Coincidence, admitting of explanation and sinless of collusion, should quicken critics to carefulness in applying the rigid rule, and more elaborate aims in their analysis. At a *post mortem*, minutiae are well tested. Also in criticism opinions and parallel passages should be as nicely weighed as diamond dust. As it was vile to take the one ewe lamb from the man in the parable, so it is wrong to appropriate the property of a poor author and give it to one exceedingly wealthy. It is in this point that the power of an acute critic comes into play. The wisdom needed for determination is like Solomon's. The progeny must be trusted to the legitimate parent, and not slain in the judgment. The task of criticism, then, is one where absolute discrimination is a necessary ele-

ment. When the existing fact of canons, not precise enough to rule out probability of hasty condemnation on circumstantial evidence, is taken into account, one perceives why a Reviewer, of all others, should be cautious. While the stigma of plagiarist is made on palpable thieves, the error of wrongly arraigning ought to be guarded against. The constables of letters, riding through the list of letters, with close scrutiny and deliberate inspection, ridding the tournament of false visitors and sham shields, are looked to for impartial execution of chivalrous laws. They should be apt but not hasty, free from personal rancour and unmanly sentiment; being like Bayard, the brave, *sans peur et sans reproche*. They are required to detect the base borrowers of others' words. For there is nothing so detestable in literature as affecting what does not really belong naturally to one, or buying fame with pilfered coin. One safe rule, in pronouncing upon plagiarism, is to hold that a noble nature cannot stoop to conquer. It is not genius that condescends to the meanness of taking what is not its own. A gentleman, whose rental-roll gives him an abundant treasure, will rarely, if ever (unless insane), be found at the bar of justice, convicted of knocking down his *poor* neighbour and robbing him. This is the presumptive truth claimed for well-proved, rich thinkers. Poor Poe, a monomaniac and yet a brilliant mind—these being compatible—charged Longfellow with preying upon his poems. But the irritable author of the "Raven" (one of the most

melodious ballads extant) was utterly wrong. Long-fellow has enough of his own to obtain for him a perpetual renown in every household. Here are a few specimens, out of many, containing like thoughts. I do not think these *coincidences* (for I have full faith in the author's originality) have ever been placed parallel in print. That they are positive plagiarisms would be a rash opinion. Working with the same matter, poets might produce like features ; and the paucity of instances inclines one to think these are seeming reproductions of former ideas ; that genuine souls, mining for gold, happened on the same *lead*.

I.

Who, bewailing Hero's fate in "Much Ado About Nothing," has not dwelt upon this fine line ?

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."

ACT V., SCENE III.

Turn up Poe's poems and you shall be reminded of a familiar friend, by this verse.

"By you, by yours, the slanderous tongues,
That did to death the innocent."

In "Locksley Hall," the Laureate has this remarkably reasonable utterance in the midst of the jilted lover's rhapsody :

"Is it well to wish thee happy, having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine."

Open at the 1st act in Hamlet, scene 5th, and there is something very similar :

“ And to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts
Were poor to those of mine.”

Tennyson may have said here to the grim and grieving ghost, “ I’ll follow thee.”

In the year 1812, (the month being April) John Foster wrote an article in the “ Eclectic,” I think, entitled, “ Lord Elgin’s pursuits in Greece.” While reading it years ago in Edinburgh, this splendid sentence was so relished that I remember it, and risk an appeal from my quotation (from memory) to the magazine itself.

“ Their office (the artists employed by Elgin in Greece) was much like that of taking the portrait of a dying subject, for they found whatever was the most vulnerable and exquisite ; the sculptures which had diffused over the marble structures a mimic life, by the richest forms and scenes of poetry ; perishing, almost while they were looking at it, under the barbarism of the Turks.” Let the reader (always gentle), who has followed me so far, take down his copy of Byron and read the “ Giaour.” Speaking of Greece in decay (Foster’s subject), the much admired lines come in due order, beginning with the words,

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,” &c.

The whole passage is too long for quotation here, but on perusal the beautiful sentiment of Foster is discerned.

Poor, proud Byron was not so reduced as to steal from Foster; still the identity of expression remains. That Byron read the "Eclectic," is beyond doubt; it was just the spicy magazine he would enjoy. The article above alluded to was written in 1812; the "Giaour" was completed in 1813, *vide* the dedication of it to Rogers, the banker-poet. The literary character of those concerned in the foregoing samples of similarity forbids us saying the latter copied the former.

A letter dated 1868, Paris, from a dear brother, gives me an instance of undoubted theft in man, whose *own* ideas are ever sweetly uttered. In answer to a query about Owen Meredith's last poems, the latter says, "I have not found time to read Morris. 'Chronicles and Characters' I only opened once in Didot's Library, and then I happened on a theft. If you turn to page 381 of Vol. I. (American edition) you will be struck with the line,

" 'Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.' "

When Browning makes the Bishop of St. Praxed order his tomb, he uses the same words about a *Jew's* head, which are in Meredith's 'Rabbi ben Ephraim.' Certainly, Owen is an incomparable thief." Thus the letter. Browning's poem alluded to is a grand one, and taught me first his superiority in dramatic power to Tennyson. Standing one mellow afternoon in Poets' Corner, I gazed on my favourite Chaucer's tomb, and thought, how

blessed he was in being the forerunner of English poetry. And yet I see some have discovered that he owed his power to the Italian school. Nevertheless I cling to the opinion, that, while receiving suggestion from abroad he uttered nothing base, but his own only. He is too honest, the ancient Englishman, to be a plagiarist. His clear, sweet tune rings down the centuries like well-cast bells, in which there is no foreign metal.

A REVERIE.

Written for "Stewart's Quarterly," 1868.

TREES edit every spring the revelation of the resurrection. So to those who find tongues in trees and a language in leaves, it seems well that the place of graves should have the greenery of foliage that is annual as well as the steadfast colour of the evergreens. It is beautiful to look at the constancy of the fresh, fragrant firs, those obelisks of nature, during the season of snows, when the bleakness of the tombstone is unrelieved by a white shroud of drift; but we require trees also that shall appeal to our love of analogies and help the hope of our faith. These annuals are skeleton-like in the city of the dead, when winter rules the year. But when the ghastliness of the snow is gone; when the icy air changes to warm winds in the May month; when the aromatic odour of gummy buds breaking forth is abroad, and when our eyes are eager to detect tints of colour, the pink of early petals, the golden glimmer of green, it is refreshing to faith as well as to sight to look at the grave-yard. While the natural vision is gratified by the pale tenderness of tiny leaves feeling out from their relaxing bud-bondage, the spiritual eyesight sees a subtle analogy and discovers an old parable in the new formations. The heart that has been widowed, throbbing beside the tomb of her beloved, rests calmly on these calm, consoling

words of our Lord Christ : " I am the Resurrection and the life." But she is also cheered by the silent ministration of the leaves growing under the influence of spring, if she can perceive a use in the fair things God made to commend His love unto humanity. She may perceive in these tender points of verdure that they bear testimony to the truth. She is helped by this sign of reanimation, the quickening of the trees, and can hear the voice of God among the trees of the churchyard proclaiming that the dead shall revive.

Thus I thought this afternoon, looking out of my study window. It was a morbid mood, perhaps, that first directed my gaze to the churchyard on the hill, but it at length merged into another and better emotion. For the mystery of vernal vitality so manifest in the place of the dead, dear to some living ones, soothed and suggested what I have written as the drift of my reflections. This was the result of a change that had been going on while I was thinking. At first when I looked the white headstones were blurred with mist brooding sorrowfully above them. In their grey vapour how spectral these memorials of the dead seemed ! The colour of the young leaves was so faint, even in the foreground, that the moisture of the mist came between like a veil. The first grew more gloomy as I gazed, for the mist also marred their distant forms. However, a vagrant breeze sauntered up from the river side, crossed the hollow where boulders are strewn by the banks of the brook like hard facts in life's experi-

ence, and climbed the hill. The vague vapour trembled at the breath of the intruder, strove to conceal itself by creeping among the graves or lurking in the leaves, but the wind searched, and at last foiled by this irresistible energy, the mist gathered its torn raiment about it and passed slowly into the hollow beyond. So what before was tristful now became tender, what was mournful grew resigned. The sunshine had disentangled itself from the moisture and now shimmered softly over the hill, crested with marble and clothed with well-woven green tissues. And so may our shadows and grief begotten of loss be lifted, and the light of heaven rest on the resting of our dear dead. One of those pioneer birds, which we call robins in America, balanced himself on a spray of cedar, and piped, so purely that once I thought of clear gurgling streams flowing through a forest, pierced by light that smote the shallows of the waters. For music to me associates and assimilates itself with the fairness of scenery. Is there not one part of Mozart's Requiem like the sea waves breaking on steep cliffs, and another like tall pines in slow agitation? With intent to be garrulous about the trees common in graveyards and their peculiar beauty, I turned my eyes to the blank paper. But I will not weary the reader with the translation of all my reverie into words. The willow was well chosen to be a sentinel near the sepulchres. It is truly a weeper. The most obtuse imagination can invest it with the characteristic of grief. The sight least educated to the beauty of

harmony, the sweetness of sympathetic association, can recognise the fitting effect added to the cemetery by the presence of pensive willows. Their pendent branches are an emblem of the attitude of woe. They hang over the dead as we do when the coffin is in our households. Fancy does not recoil from forming their slender leaves into trickling tears. Their tint of green is wan, as if the mourning caused the colour to fade, even as the tear-wet cheek of a bereaved one becomes pallid. Apart from their connection with the tombs, the willows are suggestive of sorrow. I find a more sombre back-ground to the picture of the Hebrew captives sitting by Chebar in the willows on which they hanged their harps. The river flows past them, but it is not Jordan. And remembering Zion, they cannot sing to the echoing chords of their harps, but hang them on the willows beside them, and sit mute, immersed in the great sorrow that has fallen on them. Again, Shakespeare, with that which, for the lack of a better phrase, I must term the *intuitive perception of suitability*, increases the dolour of circumstances by introducing the willow. Forlorn pride waves her false love back to Carthage with a willow. Ophelia, the gentle maiden, crazed by crossed love, falls into the treacherous brook from the willow, and is found drowned. Yes, this tree, having not the rippling laughter of the beech, nor the happy rustle of the maple, not shining gaily like the birch, nor erect and graceful as the elm, is suited to the city of the dead. Go into the grave-yards of great cities,

country towns and hamlets, and you shall find the weeping willow. And how fine it is that this tree requires little care in planting and less culture in the rearing. For alas ! the graves of those we have no interest in receive small care from us. Life and its engrossing actualities are not favourable to the growth of sentiment towards the dead. Not that it is well to make a grave-yard a garden, but there is much neglect visible round the tombs. But the willow grows most luxuriantly under adverse circumstances even. The laburnum is languid ; in its tender years, it must be fostered. The weeping ash must be trained and taught to take the form of a mourner. The willow though droops naturally and needs no pains. Wherefore, it seems to me that the willow is indeed by nature the best companion for the headstone.

One Sabbath morning, in the flush of summer, three persons paused at the tomb in an avenue of *Père la Chaise*. The monument that marked the spot was not elaborate, neither was it elegant ; but the remains of a sweet poet lay under it. Here they had laid a man whom the world shall yet be grateful to for gems of poetry and jewels of thought.

These three had come far over the sea, but they knew the genius of him whose grave now claimed their attention. *Siste viator !* and we pilgrims stayed our steps by Alfred de Musset's grave, talking in low tones about his life and death. The odour of the violets just scented the air. The loud bells rang out in the gay Metropolis beyond.

Widows in weeds passed and repassed, many, doubtless, wondering at our interest in the poet's tomb. A *gamin*, the very rags of him being draped decently about his meagre figure, stopped, stared, and said in the expressive pantomimes of his class: "These odd English a *citoyen* meets everywhere." I copied the inscription on the stone. Ah! the tender tristful heart of him who lay beneath the stone lives and yearns in these lines taken from his own poem. For with a just appreciation of their fitting nature, the kindly hearts that buried the poet, chose his own longing as a proper epitaph for him. This is De Musset's epitaph:—

"Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai
 Planter un saule au cimetière ;
 J'aime son feuillage éploré,
 Sa pâleur m'est douce et chère,
 Et son ombre sera légère
 A la terre où je dormirai."

It is hard to express the sweetness of these words by translation. I rendered them thus:—

Oh! dearest friends of mine, when I am dead
 Plant but a willow at my grave's head.
 I love its leaf, true symbol of a tear.
 Its pallor unto me is sweet and dear.
 May its sad trembling shadow creep
 Above the earth where I at last shall sleep.

That phrase "feuillage éploré" is just perfect. Poor De Musset, his request is granted. Some tender hand has planted the sad tree over his grave, and, when we left, its leaves were silvered by the wind that blew from the heights of Montmartre. Sleep well under your willow,

oh poet ! Are not its soft murmurs musical like your exquisite verses ? You walked these long streets of Paris full often friendless ; with an aching heart and a weary brain, you tossed on the hospital beds of the Hôtel Dieu ; you had poverty and pain ; a public charity was your home ; but now is there not rest for you while the well-loved willow shadows lie lightly on your grave. 'Tis nearly sunset. I gaze out again at the churchyard on the hill. The dusk draws near it, and I see a solitary woman near a stone. Is it comfortless Rachel weeping for her children ? Is it a wife mourning sorely for her husband ? May God's peace touch her heart tenderly ; may the green leaves near her tell her in parable what the Book reveals to us—that the ones we buried shall be quickened, shall rise again in spiritual bodies. There is one who loved me under the grass, and haply this twilight a woman stands by his grave. Oh ! dear brave heart, on whom affliction hath fallen, though far from me, I am near you now by reason of the grief that is common to us. If you have looked on the laburnum leaves breaking out above his grave this day, I know you have found the solace I find in gazing on the sere leaves I pulled from that memorial tree a year ago, and placed in the pages of this Book. * * * * It is dark now on the hill, and the graves are hid from my eyes. The mourner, whose presence gave me the home-thoughts and the home-woe, is descending from the city of the dead. And in the dew-fall I go softly over old memories.

SKATING.

HE had oak and triple bands of brass bound about his breast, who first trusted himself in a frail ship, to the treacherous deep, says Horace, when lauding the most ancient mariner. To the poet, lying languidly under quivering vineleaves, quaffing goblets of mellow Massic, and musing on sweetly-smiling Lalage, early navigation seemed the summit of daring; nor was it the love of luxury solely that made him fear the sea; in common with his countrymen he dreaded that mystic element, and so he ennobled the foremost sailor in his amber verses.—But tawny, turbulent Tiber, was never “frozen hard,” to borrow the small boys’ technical phrase for bearable ice, and consequently the Roman youth knew naught of skating, its pains and pleasures, or else Dan Flaccus might have made the earliest skater famous. But he is nevertheless famous. We may not be able to express his name, what of that? Though we lack the mere word formula, combination of letters, the want does not affect the great personality. Have not the German critics killed our dear school-boy friend, blind Homer, yet they cannot destroy his work, and we trace therein one master-mind. Doubtless the first skater was a sailor after all. Some blue-eyed, yellow-haired Vik-

ing, his skates a pair of weather-bleached rib bones, and his rink the level miles on a frozen fiord. For when the snow-wreaths covered the scarred northern hills, and bent the pine boughs ; when winter's breath, cruel and keen, lay on the lands like a mist ; when the ships of the sea-kings were beached, then the Norsemen bound bones to their feet, and flew fleetly along on the frost-fettered waters. Longfellow's pirate—

“Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.”

Harold the Hardy, enumerating the eight feats he knew, gives prominence to his power on skates. Yes ! they were prime skaters, and well have their Skalds sung of their prowess. It appears as if the love these Vikings bore the sea burned as ardently in winter as in summer ; the rough, bearded Jarls sat at banquet-boards, and told tales of the stormy sea, how their dragon-beaked barks broke the Baltic foam ; but they also narrated the perils of skating, how they had followed the bear all day on “slippery shoes,” and far into the night, under long glories of the winter moon. In the Sagas or Epics, a skate is called the Pirate's Ship, significant metaphor, telling us plainly that when the sea-robbers came home from wandering over the billowy main, they yet loved to skim over its rigid, frigid breast, as swift as ever did their staunch vessels.—And they were pirates on the winter-manacled waters too. Many a maiden's heart was taken captive, as she gazed on her curve-cutting

giant, gliding hither and thither, just as ladies now-a-days affect the society of capital skaters. Before leaving the primitive Norland skaters we will transcribe a legend relative to our subject. You will find it, antiquarian reader, in Snorro Sturleson's "Edda," but we fear not the following verbiage: "Once upon a time, Thor and his comrade Thialfe, came to a great city in the awful land of Jotunhheim. Now Thor had been foiled a few days previous, and he was wrathful. And Thialfe was the swiftest skater in all the North ; nay, the gods in Valhalla knew of no better than he. So he challenged any one to skate with him, and the king of the city appointed a young man as his opponent named Hugo (Thought). Thor stood apart, and smiled scornfully, for he deemed Thialfe best. And they started and flew away like the wet-winged west wind, when it wrecks the vessels of the Vikings, and rushes past moaning forests. On, on, and Thor smiled. But the pallid-faced youth Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe that in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. And Thor's brows grew black as night when no moon shines. Then, quoth the King, 'Try again, perchance you may pass my youth.' So they started and went so quickly, that the home-going eagle poised itself in mid-air, and watched the racers ; but Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. And Thor scowled like a thunder-cloud, and clutched his hammer. It fared no better with Thialfe the third trial, and he cried out,

‘O, Hugo, who art thou!’ and Hugo answered, ‘I am Thought; can mortal contend with spiritual?’ Ah! no, mortal clogs the spiritual.” And there is a deep truth lying underneath the simplicity of this old legend.

“It seems as if some strange spirit dwelt in our skates,” said rough, great-hearted Sintram, to the gentle Knight Folko, “which is fearfully dangerous to any that have not learnt the management of them in their childhood.” There is something suitable in skating, originating in Scandinavia; and Freiligrath, that passionate poet whose songs combine Oriental fervour with Teutonic rhythm, has a poem about a Skating Negro, wherein he wonders at the sable giant indulging in an amusement so foreign to his country and colour. However, we have lingered long enough with the foremost skaters, let us go to the other extreme, for where can you find a better place, to study one phase of modern humanity, than beside a frozen lake.

Skating is like scholar-craft in two respects, there is no royal road to it, and should be learnt when young. Blank, Esq., of Her Majesty’s Regiment, must endure the same hardships at initiatory exercises on the ice, as Needy the son of Nobody. Prompted by an insane desire some fine, clear, cold morning, a youth six feet four inches in his shoes, who, had he lived in Frederick of Prussia’s time, would have been kidnapped for the great Grenadier Company, borrows a pair of skates—very dull ones—and treads towards the nearest pond. A friend (?) has lent

the skates, alas ! for the rarity of human charity, under the sun ; ere night falls, that friend will be excluded from the borrower's circle of friends and continue so to be, until the borrower can cut a perfect circle. Perhaps it is the yearning glance of his eyes following splendid skaters ; perhaps it is his awkward way of holding the skates, or likelier it is that intuitive perception of greenness, common to all horrid boys, that causes these vultures to flock round the novice, and proffer their unlimited services. Down squats the novice, whom we will name after Punch, "Arry Bloater," and twenty willing paws begin tugging at his boots. He is asked for his gimlet in varying tones, from the treble squeak up to the semi-bass, admirably adapted for hawking papers or chaunting Dixie. Arry produces a miniature pod-augur, and immediately a chorus of expressive adjectives rises, so depressive that Bloater wishes himself miles away out of sight, out of sound. At last, after getting a sharp gimlet screwed into his human heel, and with straps so tightly twisted round his feet, that circulation ceases, he is raised from his recumbent position with shouting and singing, just as our forefathers used to raise the May-pole, amid much mirth. "You pull on to his flippers, Dick," "Slew round the swell's legs, Jimmy," "Heave ho ! up she rises," "Now, sir, you're as right as ninepence." Such and similar are the exclamations which float about him, and Bloater might be taken before a reformatory society for being the occasion of profanity. The im

mediate cause of profanity is now erected by dint of arduous labour, and ready for action. He is supported by a nondescript who evidently determines that his costume shall demonstrate a historical truth connected with Waterloo, for his head is protected by a blue-jacket's cap, and the word "Nimble," painted in letters of gold on the ribbon, while his trunk is enveloped in a dingy red fatigue jacket, his right foot thrust into an ill-used Blucher, and the sinister pedal extremity incased in a crimson-topped Wellington. "Don't be afraid, sir," remarks the attendant, on noticing how Bloater's legs shiver and slip about. "Now, then, kick out like a Mustang steed," he cries, and giving his victim a shove, leaves him to the evil-eyed Fates. Poor Arry! His acquaintance with the manners and customs of Mustangs is circumscribed to a marvellous liniment, and therefore not comprehending his enlightened instructor's advice, he flounders on, and finally falls heavily, feet upwards.

Let us leave the unhappy fellow; three hours hence you may observe him crawling home, uttering shockingly improper words. But, be lenient, O you fortunate mortal, who can make spread-eagles, circles, *et alia*; consider that it was his primary lesson; how he will writhe to-morrow morning when he attempts to move his brittle *tibia*; how he will moan over a peeled countenance, and tenderly touch an aching head to count the bumps thereon. Poor Bloater!—*telle est la vie*—after pleasure (?) comes pain.

Here is a dandy some removes better than Bloater, but there is always something wrong with his skates ; he also is tainted with the inanity of Dundreary, won't skate much—prefers to peep at the pretty women through his glasses, and frequently flings himself down for a rest. Oh ! hypocrite, we know your wiles ! Sham skater ! Who ever beheld thee perform six successive strokes ; twirl that incipient moustache, murder how dashed cool it is, and be thankful that you cannot see yourself as we see thee.

“What a beautiful skater !” *We* do not exclaim so ; it is a very red-lipped little lady with her dress looped up daintily, and her golden hair wandering over her face. But, truly he is a noble skater (you perceive there is a difference in our adjectives.) Now with the right foot, and on the outside edge he describes circles as perfect as if the geometer's compasses drew them ; then throwing himself by a hardly perceptible jerk on his left foot he does equally as well. “Cut your name,” sings out a shrill-voiced school-boy, “and give us the 47th of the first book.” Smiling, the wonderful skater breaks through the surrounding throng, and choosing a clean bit of ice, bends and turns and twists, till the crisp surface is covered with curves. “Tristram, his mark ;” he who runs may read the round inscription. Great cheering from the boys, admiring glances from the feminine skaters, and overwhelming applause from a couple of swells who clap their gloved hands, and bawl “bravo !”

Ay, bravo ! bravissimo rather, he is a capital skater—would we were as good.

We are not a moralist, nor care about dipping into Ethics just now, seeing that our paper is getting long, but permit a few sentences on the mental benefits of skating. We will suppose you are a good skater, and whilst executing a difficult figure, unconscious of spectators, so deeply absorbed are you in the task, when by an indescribable slip down you come. You hear unmistakable laughter, and that from Noodles, your fast friend, who is teaching a lady how to stand on skates ; *and you hear the brute say*, " Oh ! poor fellow, he is not a bad fellow, but so conceited about cutting that everlasting dido, he calls a spread eagle ! " " Ah ! " you mutter, " is this human friendship ? I shall *cut* the ill-tongued beast ; " and, rising, you join in the laugh. And by reason of that tumble you unmask hollow friendship and make yourself a hypocrite. Laugh, like the Spartan boy—you are writhing with pain whilst smiling—and the people know you are simulating ; they heard that sullen thud which is an index of future physical pain. But if you have done well, and earned the hearty *kudos* of bystanders, how noble humanity seems : there is a glow about your heart, and a desire to ask every dirty-faced urchin if it isn't jolly good ice. You will go home, musing on the moral effects of being a good skater. " I have pleased the people, *ergo* I am a public benefactor," you think, " what more did the Emperors of the West do ? "

ABOUT TITLES.

It would be practically impossible to give persons names indicative of character or constitution. To furnish an exact nomenclature for mankind would have puzzled the imagination of the author of "Utopia." The first names were *proper* enough, but now-a-days there is no fastidious agreement between name and nature. Yet there is much meaning in names after all, though it is confined to the idealism of theory instead of expression in fact. The first man derived his title from the red clay of which he was composed, and Nimrod, Jacob, Esau and Ichabod had appellations very suitable. As the multiplication of nations and advance of language became more distinct, the original intention of nomenclature was, from necessity, disregarded. But the desire to define in darker lines the personal peculiarities by the title is manifest in the *cognomen* of the Roman and the *surname* of the Frank. While reading the legends of Livy we find the *hauteur* of Tarquin in the word *superbus*, and the singleness of purpose that animates the valour of Horatius, who kept the bridge, is, though not intentionally, constantly associated with his *singleness* of sight, for the historian tells us the hero was called *Cocles*, the one-eyed. The peasant of Anjou spices the *vin ordinaire* of his ballad relating to

early centuries by witty references to Pepin the short. The voltigeur on guard at the gates of the Tuileries hummed a bold fragment concerning Charles Martel, as we passed by one sweet summer morning, and the epithet immediately suggested that king of the stern will, and rough execution, the "Hammer," whose down-right blows welded France into shape and shattered her foes. Who does not discover the temper of that English monarch in his fine name *Cœur de Lion*? and the subjection of the Saxon ruler to priestly power is fossilized in the epithet Edward the Confessor. Now-a-days people are not characterised by their names without the addition of some epithet. It could not be otherwise. The natural and laudable desire of parents to transmit through posterity the family titles, and the many causes influencing choice, prevent a child from receiving a name whence the disposition may be inferred. Yet the association of ideas recoils from a name that has no sympathy, according to its primitive meaning, with the subject. On reflection, fancy the awkward impression conveyed by hearing a stupid, sluggish youth called Albert (all-bright!) A buxom lass, ruddy of cheek and stout of stature denominated Lily, brings out the conviction of a misnomer. So, just as in the early ages, many were characterized by their titles, many now are caricatured by the same. The first function of a name was to individualize, to express an inherent trait, but we have changed all that now. Modern mothers either fall back on genealogy or, familiar with

the resources of romance or the figments of fiction, administer Pagan, Provençal or poetical appellations to their offspring. We remember as a boy to have seen an English cricketer bearing the name of "Julius Cæsar;" and a negro shaved us on board a steamer who was hailed by the other stewards with the same classic appellation. A Scotch lad, intelligent and well versed in the ecclesiastical events of his country, went into a baker's shop, above the door of which, "John Knox" glared through gilt in large legible letters. With boyish enthusiasm, having given an order, he commenced to descant in vague terms on the nobility of the nationality as represented by the Scottish Reformer. "And you're a namesake o' the sturdy Presbyterian that resisted ritualism," quoth the boy, while the mannikin kneader of dough tied up the purchase of ginger-bread the lad had made. "Deil tak' the chiel," sputtered the baker, "he wad mak a coo squeal wi' his taunts. Gie me tippence (the Caledonian caution concurring the bawbees) and gang oot o' ma shop, and carry your barren Burgher doctrines wi' ye. God be thankit, tho' I am called after yon auld agitator Knox I'm an Episcopalian, and Dean Ramsay, if ye ken him, which is no likely, is ma' minister." With a crestfallen air the boy left the shop, wondering, as he does to this day (though older being less ardent) why parental solicitude should attach names to children neither suitable nor suggestive. But if the names given to human beings often limits them to incongruous titles, it is a pain-

ful fact that books have names bestowed on them which it was the grave fault of the author to confer. A writer cannot plead limited liability like a father. The progeny of intellect ought to be properly labelled. So great is the discrepancy existing often between the character and caption of a volume, that many marvel whether the book or title was first composed. A man must not be seduced into reading comedy because the words on the back of the book intimate tragedy. What the sign is to the shop the title should be to the volume. The Italian warehouseman, by the concise description of pickles and jams on his sign-board, bids me seek elsewhere for mental *pabulum* in Elzevirs or Alduses. A preface is allowed to parade in all the pageantry of self-denying sentences the radical intent of an author to please himself or others ; but let us have an honest straightforward title. On the same principle that the unaccomplished but astute painter lettered below a hideous representation of a quadruped, "This is a horse," state in the title, oh ! literary man, what is the object of your art, for, it may be that the outline of your sentences is more ragged, and the detail of your words more opaque, than the tints and lines of the painter in the fable. Does not Euclid order his definitions well ? Then, in the name of common sense, should not the books we are tempted to buy, often by the mere titles, be precise in these lures ? To take a case in point, and be blunt about it—"Foul Play" is not entitled to that heading. It might as truly be termed "Fair Play."

For, to indulge in that economical use of thought, a paradox, this sensational novel, in exact consistency with an inconsistency, namely, the constant righting of wrong in this side of time, makes virtue vanquish vice. To distinguish a commonplace story indebted to our old friend Robinson Crusoe for its chief interest, possessing a plot not worth the candle of an open-air exhibition on the Champs Elysees, to the title of "Foul Play," when the principal characters of the book play fair is most *mal à propos*. Works concerning science, travels, history have generally accurate definitions attached to them. Wrong description is rampant in fiction and poetry. In the very authors one admires the names of their compositions are often fitless to the fancy or fact they adorn. It is the tendency of our era to prefix brief titles to books, and like Mercury tying his sandals in haste, while they labour to be brief they are obscure. This is as marked as the desire of writers in the days of the commonwealth to perplex the reader by extended, alliterative names in quaint speech. Their introductory headings were in inverse ratio to their hair, for the Roundhead had more length in his language than his locks; and, in antithesis, the gay cavalier was more curt in his writing than his curls. One word now-a-days often serves as the dubious herald of a book. If a more definite epitome of the volume's contents seem to the author desirable, it is furnished in a parallelism expanding the titles. But this reduplication obtains more among the penny-a-liners than with

the cultured. A dual idea, for the benefit of the illiterate, is granted in the alternative conjunction "or." A housemaid hungering for the *dénouement* of a dime novel, has her appetite whetted by such a name as "The Magic Muck Cart, or the Scavenger of Seville's Surprise." The social essays of that pungent but illogical paper, the "Saturday Review," give instances of the brevity in caption. But this attracts the languid attention of readers, just as in the days of Cromwell people were snared by lengthy language. John Fish, worthy writer and undaunted warrior among the Ironsides, captured the interest even of the idle by such a string of sibilant syllables as these prefixed to his book, "Seven sighs of a sorrowful soul for sin, or the seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David," and the diminished superscription of Cummings's Lectures on the Apocalypse serve the same end. They *take*, aye and *take in* too. The long and short of the matter seems to be that the majority of titles are sensational to suit the languid appetite of the century. Now we are so epicurean that plain things pall on the taste. Novel readers are so *blasés* from the effects of highly-seasoned stuff that their taste must be provoked by *piquant* titles. What smell is to substance in dinner affairs, title is to book. But there is much mistaking in this matter of dubbing a volume. It is only genius, with that innate perception of sympathy, and with that knowledge of choice epithets, that can properly define its works. A storm of elements and emotions rushes through the open-

ing scenes of "The Tempest," and the ending thereof, true to the nature of things and adequately adjusted, is cradled softly into the repose of love, peace and felicity, even as calm comes at length to the wind-agitated ocean, and the sweet light overflows clear skies. Here title is key-note to the grand music ; yea, overture to the mighty opera. We quarrel not with the shortness or quaintness of many book names, but with their lack of precision. The falsity on the back of a folding chess-board, is not even so great as that of some volume full of leaves and "prent." For you know, skilled mover of "pieces," that mimic battles are fought in each game and wary diplomacy involved. So when you close the board and see labelled on the back "History of France," or "History of England," you haply fancy that chess is just an exponent of history. Our history-books tell of battles and plots mostly. But a writer is like a debtor, "on the limits" sometimes ; hence we halt for the last line is reached.

ABOUT AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION, according to the popular definition, is simulating words and actions we do not feel, pretending to be what we are not. In the sphere of religion, the harsher name, hypocrisy, is used to denote pretences. There is a shade of difference in an ethical point of view between these terms, but the basis of each is a desire to deceive, and the method of expression is imitation. The principle of imitation is indeed instinctive, and one of the laws of development, but this law works in its proper sphere. Carried beyond the circle of its legitimate operation, it becomes in the high exercises of the soul, hypocrisy, and in the various vocations of life affectation. It is true that imitating our great Exemplar is required of the pious, but they must possess the realization of what they profess by faith. Also copying the good traits and things of others is right. But a real love for what is made the model, a knowledge of its worth and appreciation of its power to influence for good are required before imitation can be considered right. To the hypocrite, that noble book of the pious monk, "*De Imitatione Christi*," is merely a dead letter. Like a Pharisee, he conforms to externals, but the White Christ is no more a model to him than a marble statue. Hypocrisy then may be denominated the extreme exercise of affectation. This latter

word includes emotions, expression and gestures assumed for the sake of effect in society. If there be indeed a subtle distinction between white and black lies, then we might call all phases of affectation white falsehoods. It would be too narrow to call a man a hypocrite because he drawled in a tone foreign to his natural one, and yet we cannot get rid of the fact that the simulator of sanctity and the man affecting fashionable utterance are nearly on a level. Divines distinguish between a weakness and a sin, between a failing and a fault, between degrees of guilt, and so, perhaps, one is not far wrong in calling affectation a weakness. Yes, whatever important expansion its name gets in a nicer definition, it is certainly a weakness. All forms of affectation are too frequently supposed to be associated with women. But this is as ungenerous as it is unphilosophical. Men are as guilty of this social evil as women. The ladies have no monopoly of affectation, though it is one phase of it in the masculine gender to convict Eve's daughters as singular sinners in this respect. The softer sex truly err in wearing borrowed plumage, but have they not precedent in practice in the sterner stuff of humanity? Ay, and there is a plea which we put in for the dames that a court would demur at in the case of a man. Often our sisters really please and amuse with their little disguises and imitations. But a man never does; he always disgusts when his peculation of another's posture or speech is patent. Man ought to be strong in his own strength, true to his instincts and con

ditions. So should woman, yet being weaker, her sins, in this respect, are not so heinous as those of the stronger. However, it is a mournful fact that men are little enough to affect (using this verb in the sense of the English dramatists) what is not natural to them. There is Lance, our mutual friend, who is deserving of affection for his good points. His clear blue eyes overflow at the sad spectacle of poverty. He has given the coat off his back to a beggar without compulsion and so beats à Beckett. He is very clever and earnest in his profession, and can preach a sermon that deepens the devotion of his hearers. But why does he affect the nautical so much when speaking with mariners? On the strength of crossing the Atlantic a few times he affects the marine style even on a ferry boat. Though ignorant of ropes and sails, yes and spars, he will persist in leading old salts to believe him an experienced navigator until Jack finds a blunder in reference to reef points or leeches, and smirks significantly. A pleasant little lassie walks into a drawing room in a style which she imagines corresponds to the step of a duchess. Were she to move her muscles according to the regulations of her shape she would hurt the hearts of youth and make many an impression. But she spoils her moving by mimicking the court ladies, as represented by the pictures in illustrated papers. Saunders McSneeshin whose sire transmitted to him a good, rough doric accent along with a clout o' siller, forswears the legitimate tongue with the Kirk. In London he finds his way to a church high

enough, so *high* that a canny Elder of North Britain would scent rank heresy in the ritualism, and likewise the Scottish youth loses his harsh speech across the Tweed. The running stream has dissolved the spell truly, for he regales his Southern friends with an affection of their drawl. He elides certain worthy syllables and elongates others. The national darling he once denominated "Prince Charlie," honouring the name with stiff Caledonian accent and beautiful distinctness. Now he speaks of the unfortunate Stuart as "Pwins Chawly." Yet *he* is not so bad as the inevitable puppy, the weight of whose brains would be balanced by the watch he wears. This puppy, with a putty face and a general looseness from the loins downwards will insist on society recognising him as a superior "fella," you know. He may wear gilt buttons as a mid or a red coat as a sub ; he may be clothed in the most approved style of the period and yet is not content. This weakling in intellect would gull the credulous and invest himself with a superior character. He would like to insinuate by his gestures only (not by deeds), that he is Nelson or Napoleon. The first Bonaparte had an awkward way of standing, which Browning points out in his verse.

"With neck out thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind."

This is not a very graceful *pose*, surely, and yet how much the *mode* is copied by French Cadets. If posturing like the little Corporal can implant or develop military

genius, then many an incipient commander stands at the corner of the Tuileries every Sunday afternoon. Your pure affector copies the eccentricities or irregularities of his models, and makes a very blotted page of it. As an undergraduate he hears of Porson's unhappy tendency and straightway orders more wine. Limp shirt collar and a slight halt, in his opinion, give a Byronic aspect. He blasphemes in bad verse and is as prurient as vile English can utter it, so that he may rival Shelley. He parts his hair in the middle, regardless of the strong bend of his capillary adornment to one side, trusting that his locks will place him on a level with Petrarch. He supports mantel pieces like a Caryatid, and is as silent as a Sphinx, for this is the ideal of a nineteenth century gentleman. His father may have made the fortune (that enables his heir to be idle) by cutting out coats; but the scion of Snip mounts heraldic bearings on his trap and often moralizes (*aloud*) on his mother's stock. In the pulpit he sheds tears on fine cambric while affecting the pathos of Guthrie. He lifts his hands in the Courts like Brougham, and deludes himself with the idea that he hits the Jury as hard by this idle action as the old eloquent Harry did when he pleaded for Queen Caroline. In the columns of the newspaper he drags in quotations, translated to hand in the appendix of his dictionary. In the Aldermanic assembly he—but silence is golden here, for who dare charge such dignities? Likewise let us not advert to beadles, butlers, bishops, lest evil happen to us. There

are some who are *marked* for their affectation. It is insufferable, abominable, unmanly, and yet, while expressing contempt for the extreme of this evil we should look into our own lives. If it be true (and who can doubt, knowing that passion is ephemeral insanity), that every man is mad on one point (his hobby) then we may safely predicate that the most of men, if not all, are affected in one point less or more.

AUTUMNAL TINTS.

"THE gay greenwood" is a very frequent phrase in the old ballads, and is a fine one withal. For when these early rhyme-chroniclers dealt with the event of death, in their narratives, they generally referred it to the wild, and winter season, whereas love and life were associated with the fair forests flourishing in summer-time. By linking love and the delights of life to the locality of the woodland, these singers of old, in their simplicity, were just obedient to a natural instinct. When the green wood was gay in its wealth of greenery, when the light, toned in its transit through myriad murmuring leaves, made arabesques of sun and shade on the mossy knolls round beech and oak, when the piping and warbling of birds in their "cages of boughs," were resonant in the forest glades, it was no wonder that the ballad-maker chose the summer for time, and the greenwood for place, wherein the lovers he sang of should tryst and breathe vows of trust. So the epithet "green" was rarely written separate from the word wood in the ancient erotic idyls, and they are as constant in their connection, as much married in the metre of immortal verse, as "gallant knight," or "red gold," or "coal-black steed."

And though, like the Rhymers, we are full fain to walk in the forest when the leaves are living and green, yet in our American woods there is a pure pleasure to be derived from looking on the Autumn landscape when the hectic flush of nature tells she is dying. Autumn in the old world is not distinguished by the varied glories that crown the closing year here. In merry England, the *mellow* character of Autumn is apparent. There is no lack of colour, but the tints are mostly russet and brown; the golden spikes of the stubble and the sombre hue of the hedges; the umber of the ploughed earth, and the olive green of fading meadows, comprise pretty much the features of Fall scenery in England, although the red-tiled roofs, white walls, and blue smoke of the cottages, add much to the effects. The English Autumn is like the national nature—somewhat reserved, subdued, substantial. But gazing on an American forest flanked with fields, rivers and lakes in the Fall, one cannot help saying, “England, thy landscapes are tame and domestic,” in comparison with this flush of fairness. Scotland, having hills, heaths, and more vigorous trees than her Southern sister, shows more beauty from the corn reaping time till the first flakes of snow fall silently on the moors, yet she cannot claim to be ranked with the romantic richness of American Autumns. And the proof of this may be found in the fact that pictures of American Fall scenery are regarded by Europeans, who have never crossed the Atlantic, as exaggerations in colour—as

transatlantic Claude Lorraines. Without touching at present on the peculiar phase of the beautiful to be perceived in the colour of mosses, lichens, creepers, and shrubs, during the early days of the Fall in our country, let us speak a little of the foliage which so recently made our forests as gorgeous as the dreams of Fairy land. The maple's pale green leaf changes its hue, and stipples warm colours into the wood scenery. You are sensible of the maple's beauty afar off. Perhaps but one branch has begun to turn into purple, pierced with golden streaks, and that arrests the eyes of the passer by. The brilliance of one tint and the softness of another, the variegation and harmony in one bough are astonishing. At a distance, with the background of dense fir or stalwart swart pines, the maple's blaze of colour is startlingly suggestive of the mysterious fire Moses saw in the Bush, or fancy takes it to be a ruddy flag flung out from some fortress, or the rubricated initial in a black-letter missal. The younger maples, and those growing near, or on swampy ground, are generally the first to change, and present the brightest and most brilliant colours. We have found, on the margin of a marsh, these hues on one tree. There were dark purple leaves, as regal in colour as the robes Titien and Correggio excelled in painting—purple that associated itself with the Greek's words, *wine-dark depths*—purple that one sees in the clusters of great Kaiser grapes under sun-lighted Rhenish roofs, as they depend from the rafters, festooned with

flowers, to celebrate the vintage festival. Aye, such purple as no pigment that painter uses can peer, for it had the subdued glow of the amethyst, the richness of the pansy, and a lustrous lividness, in the alternations of light and shadow. Then leaves pale crimson, speckled with yellow spots, making you think of glossy apples well ripened, and amber leaves, bordered or barred with scarlet. Brown leaves, too, like a brunette's cheek over-kissed by a lover's lips, for there were warm red spots near their centres. Russet, with patches of the original green, here and there in the leaf; and chief in number bright scarlet leaves, like the pennons of a host fluttering from their spear points. Then there were various shades and less intense tones of these colours. Turner's sunset skies manifest not such masses and details of colour as were on that marsh-maple. Even when decay, caused by rain and frost, progresses, the leaves of this tree are splendid, and when they fall on the cold mould, you hardly care to tread them with wood wandering feet. Perhaps the reason why the maple is so beautiful in its foliage is because its leaves are so tender; and when the pores are hurt by the cold, the acids of the sap are sooner interfused in the texture of the foliage. The best views of maple are to be gained by river and lake sides. Reflection aids the enchantment. The calm water, taking its hue from the clear concavity of the heavens, is a meet mirror for the many-coloured leaves. Who has not felt all the power of our Autumn land-

scapes when doubled by the river or the lake? The pensive character of the fading year is sweet to the soul in those days ere the last red leaf is whirled away by the bitter blasts of November. So many a poet finds *material* for meditation amid our forests, what time the birds forsake them for tropic climes. "My May of life is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf" is one of Gentle Will's perfect lines, and to-day, looking across the river, we see the beech and birch and oak yellow—such a yellow, though, as you see on hill-tops when the sun sinks, leaving lingering rays. There is an investiture of beauty assumed by the dying leaves. In the declining into decadence of the foliage, we are gladdened and soothed by sweet colours. There is no abrupt or harsh transition; it is, indeed, a *decline*, slow, and the weakness revealed mostly by brilliance and hectic. We have no ivy-clasped ruins here, no moated Granges, no quaint-gabled cottages mossed with age; but we have vivid sights in our dying year. Can there be a more exquisite enjoyment of Autumn than during a golden afternoon in the end of September, or early in October, to enter the woods? The smooth bold beech, whose trunk is like a grey stone pillar, and whose root is so fairly turned that a lover of trees has called it an *instep*—the beech has lost its lustrous green, and now the leaves are crisp and yellowish brown. Near it the maple burns, and, guarded by two grim hemlocks, there is the birch, with its shining satin-like and lissome bark. Its leaves are now the

colour of the ivy blossom, and it seems less sensitive to the first frosts than its delicate neighbour the maple. Round its foot are the brown fern fronds, their grace all gone, and breaking at every breath of wind. Who can describe the sights and sensations of such a walk in the compass of an article? Such an afternoon we remember, when the haze, misty as the bloom on a grape, lay on the hills, when colour defined finely the limits of the landscape, when the clarity of the morning beams was subdued into a warm glow in the gloom of evergreens, when the days that *were* came back with regret and rejoicing, when we pondered on gentle words and pensive; of poets sympathetic with Autumn days, and when vague longings, indefinite yearnings almost moved to tears. But enough, at present, of our "AUTUMNAL TINTS."

THE END.

